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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
H. M. KING HAAKON VII. After a painting by Agnes Hiorth .....	Frontispiece
NORWAY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE. 1905-1955. By Raymond E. Lindgren. Six Illustrations .....	237
KIERKEGAARD AND POLITICS. By Howard A. Johnson. One Illustration .....	246
EKBACKEN: A BIT OF DALECARLIA. By Sonya Loftness Evans. Four Illustrations .....	255
SVALBARD. By Anders K. Orvin. Eight Illustrations and one Map .....	260
THE CHARCOAL TENDER. A Poem. By Dan Andersson .....	270
THE LIMBO WORLD OF PÄR LAGERKVIST. By Robert Donald Spector .....	271
THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET. By Poul Linneballe. Five Illustrations .....	275
WORTH THE TROUBLE. A Poem. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin .....	280
TWO BIG SHOTS. A Short Story. By Guðmundur G. Hagalín .....	281
SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA .....	287
THE QUARTER'S HISTORY. Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Sweden. One Illustration .....	289
BOOKS .....	300
MUSIC NOTES .....	308



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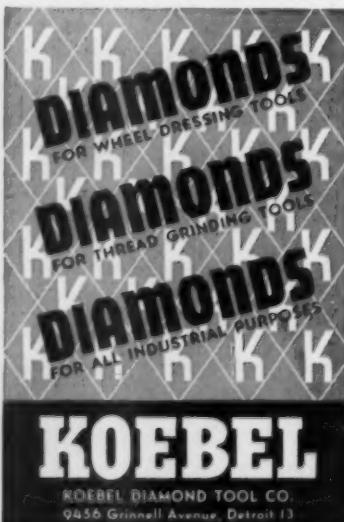
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H. M. KING HAAKON VII

After a painting by Agnes Hiorth

# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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VOL. XLIII

SEPTEMBER, 1955

NUMBER 3

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## NORWAY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

1905-1955

BY RAYMOND E. LINDGREN

**F**IIFTY YEARS AGO, on November 25, 1905, a 33-year-old Danish prince, his wife, and small son disembarked from a Norwegian naval vessel lying in Oslo harbor. To the thousands who thronged Norway's jubilant capital on that day this tall, dignified, and personable young man, together with the child he bore on his arm, was a dream realized after months of tension and strife and after centuries of domination by Denmark and Sweden. The faces of father and son are now not only familiar to all Norwegians, but, throughout fifty years, their tact, their sincerity, their courage, and steadfast firmness during the horrors of war have endeared them to all of Norway.

The events which terminated that November fifty years ago were among the most exciting and dramatic in Norwegian history. In 1905 the union of Norway and Sweden, dating from 1814, was floundering to its end. From its inception the union was jeopardized by quarrels between the two countries. In the early nineteenth century chances for closer cooperation sometimes quixotically beckoned, but hopes slowly died after 1871, when Norway refused to pass legislation intended to create a closer union. In the 1880's strife over parliamentary responsibility and the foreign service completely destroyed any expectations of an amalgamation. When Norway passed a law creating a separate consular system in 1891, and again in 1895, certain Swedish circles favored a war of subjugation. In response to the fears and bitterness which these threats aroused, the Norwegians initiated a military and defense program to guarantee their frontiers against Swedish attack.

The courageous stand of the Norwegians induced the Swedes to a show of amity, and, in 1902, a fourth and last "Union Committee" attempted a solu-



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THE NORWEGIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN OSLO

tion of the problem of foreign representation for Norway that would not disturb normal controls of a joint foreign minister over members of the service. In 1904, however, all hopes vanished when the Swedish government presented conditions which barred Norway from realization of her own consular system. In February, 1905, therefore, the Norwegian government flatly refused to continue useless negotiations with Sweden. Two decades of bickering and acrimony, raucous debate, bitter words, newspaper "wars," and threats of armed conflict forced even Norwegian friends of a united kingdom to concede that the last hope had been lost for a union in which friendship, equality, and cooperation were basic principles.

Norwegians greeted with approval, therefore, the appointment of a "Special Committee" of the Storting to guide the government and to frame a policy for the anticipated and desired union crisis. In March a new cabinet under Christian Michelsen, a Bergen shipowner, took office and accepted the popular mandate of dissolution of the union. The new government first examined the state of home defenses, for a military invasion by Sweden, if the union were severed, was not inconceivable. Money was borrowed, ammunition and guns bought in Germany and England, naval vessels readied, and depots established. Norway was to be prepared.

In resolute fulfillment of their policy Norwegians passed a bill for a separate consular system, which was presented at the end of May, 1905, to King Oscar II for approval. Without hesitation, and on good constitutional



THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT IN 1905

Seated, l. to r.: Olssøn, Arctander, Michelsen, Løvland, G. Knudsen, Vinje.  
 Standing, l. to r.: Bothner, Hagerup Bull, Lehmkuhl, Chr. Knudsen.

grounds, the king vetoed the bill. The three Norwegian ministers stationed in Stockholm tendered the resignation of the entire Cabinet, but the king declined to accept. He wished the ministers to reconsider and remain in office until he could form a new cabinet, but they refused and left Sweden for the last time.

Upon the return of these councillors to Oslo, the cabinet on June 7, in a surprise move, presented a resolution declaring the union ended on the ground that the king was unable to form a government. Although some debate ensued, the Storting passed the resolution unanimously. Almost as an afterthought, Oscar II was invited to name one of his sons as king of the new Norway. On this June 7 citizens of Oslo thronged the streets, celebrating the demise of the ninety-one year old union.

But Sweden refused to acknowledge the Norwegian action and called upon the European powers to withhold recognition of the Norwegian government until Sweden had done so. In another move, Frederik von Essen, head of the king's household, in a press interview, stated that Sweden and her king would never permit a Bernadotte to accept the Norwegian throne. While the statement reassured the Swedes on the monarchy's intentions, its unofficial nature and subtle phrasing permitted use of the invitation as a lever for influence with the European powers.

During June, however, Fredrik Wedel Jarlsberg, a Norwegian diplomat and a member of the union's foreign service, found Oscar II's views to be precisely as von Essen indicated. Therefore, Wedel journeyed to Copenhagen to seek the consent of the Danish royal family and government for Norway's choice of Prince Carl. Approval was given and, later in England, Edward VII and members of the British cabinet also endorsed the plan, for the English king was the father of the princess who might become queen of Norway.

Ignoring these questions of foreign policy, the Swedish government and parliament moved toward setting the terms on which Sweden would agree to the final dissolution of the union. Norway, so the Swedes said, could neither suddenly break the bonds holding the two countries together in disregard of Sweden's rights, nor avoid agreement to certain conditions. *Norwegians* should vote by plebiscite on the union's dissolution and they must agree, if the vote favored separation, to negotiate with Sweden on four major points. One condition, the destruction of the frontier forts, drew immediate, angry denunciations from all Norwegians. But they were entirely willing to hold a plebiscite and on August 13 cast their ballots almost unanimously in favor of severing ties with Sweden.

At the same time the Norwegian government sought to soften the conditions demanded by Sweden. In London Fridtjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer and scientist, tried to persuade the British government to intervene in Norway's behalf. He then went to Copenhagen to assist Wedel in procuring the Danish government's permission for Prince Carl to head a Norwegian government to negotiate with Sweden. If the prince were in Oslo as chief of state, Norway would have equality with Sweden, her full independence and, if the conference failed, a government which could be recognized by the foreign powers. In spite of Nansen's energetic pursuit of elusive promises and Wedel's skillful powers of persuasion, a final affirmative escaped them, and, on August 20, both returned to Oslo to report their failure. It was not unwillingness on the part of the Danish government and king, but the effect their action would have on Dano-Swedish relations that kept Prince Carl from going to Oslo.

Thus Norway entered negotiations with Sweden without a king, technically still a member of the union, and without foreign recognition. The conference at the Swedish city of Karlstad began on August 31 and was filled with tense and often bellicose moments for the eight men of the two delegations. The first week's deliberations were mainly exploratory, and the major stumbling block was the question of the frontier forts on which neither side would retreat. Eventually the deadlock was broken by Kristian Lundeberg, head of the Swedish delegation and prime minister, who suggested a recess. Michelsen's request for a full week's adjournment almost caused a major



THE DELEGATES TO THE KARLSTAD CONFERENCE

*Seated, l. to r.: Wachtmeister and Lundeberg of Sweden, Michelsen, Berner, and Løvland of Norway. Standing, l. to r.: Hellner (secretary), Hammarskjöld, Staafl, and Berg (secretary), of Sweden, Vogt and Urbye (secretary) of Norway.*

crisis, but reason and sensibility prevailed. In Oslo the Norwegian delegates sounded out the Storting on its approval of a retreat on the fort question. In the heated debate they faced charges of disloyalty and lack of patriotism, but won a resounding majority of Storting members for their efforts to avoid the war which obstinacy might bring.

Upon their return to Karlstad, the four Norwegians attempted once again to exact major Swedish concessions on the fort question. Nansen, both in London and Copenhagen, exerted every effort to secure English and foreign support for Norway, but obtained only a Franco-Russian demarché to the Swedish foreign office which had no effect on negotiations. Eventually, when it was almost certain that deadlock would lead to war, the Swedes relented enough to allow two forts to remain outside the neutral zone, without special armament, and two others to be within the zone, but their armament dismantled and removed. The eight representatives, who deserve praise for their sagacity and firmness, signed on September 23, 1905, the final terms of the Karlstad Convention. It stands as a model of statesmanship and intelligent solution of nationalism's bitter questions. A neutral zone, the destruction of the border fortifications, reciprocity on means of transport, fair treatment for the Lapps, and an arbitration treaty were the five separate agreements within the terms of Karlstad. These are singularly free of dangers of future strife and have thus been the foundation for fifty years of Scandinavian peace and cooperation.

With these guarantees, and with the future seemingly clear of troubles, Sweden without great emotion saw the union ended. In Norway, however,



CHRISTIAN MICHELSSEN

*A photograph from 1905*

fore June 7 a few members of the Storting had insisted that the coming break with Sweden would abrogate the Eidsvoll Constitution of 1814. The Michelsen cabinet opposed these views with their full legal and logical talents and strongly emphasized that the monarchical form of government and the Constitution, regardless of any events, remained in effect. When the question of the election of Prince Carl reached the floor of the Storting in October, therefore, these opponents of monarchy and proponents of a new constitution, some of whom smarted from their defeat on the Karlstad Convention, attacked the government and its "tied hands." The latter phrase referred scathingly to the alleged commitments which the cabinet had made to Prince Carl during the summer. While this emotional debate was proceeding to its

a small group of Storting members vigorously resisted any agreement with Sweden. Others, impelled by republican antagonism to monarchy, joined them in attempts to arouse the country, but on both counts they fought a losing battle. On October 9 the Storting voted to accept the Karlstad Convention, followed four days later, October 13, by the Swedish Riksdag's approval. The representatives of Norway and Sweden signed the final formal documents on October 26, and on the same day Oscar II's renunciation of the Norwegian throne for himself and his family terminated the union.

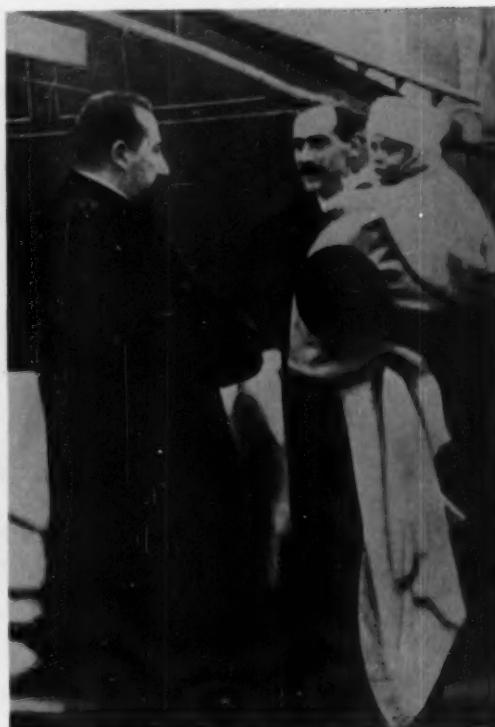
Even before King Oscar's statement, the Storting began debate on the form of government for the new state, a debate which inspired as emotional and acrid a fracas as on the Karlstad results. Even be-

crescendo, the prince, acting on good advice, startled the cabinet by asking that a plebiscite be held on the question of his being chosen king. The cabinet, in spite of inner confusion, long discussion, and debate, moved the proposal in the Storting and won its case.

November 12 and 13 were outwardly gray days for the election of a new king, but weather failed to stifle the patriotism and spirit of thousands of Norwegians who traveled by foot, horse, carriage, and train to the polling places. Prince Carl and the monarchy received a three to one majority, 259,563 for and 69,264 against. Thus Prince Carl, whom we may now call Haakon VII, acknowledged the will of the people in accepting the

Norwegian crown, and became a democratic monarch in the fullest sense.

The dramatic events of 1905 closed with the entry of Haakon VII into his new country. In spite of the turbulence and emotion of the previous months most Norwegians at the year's end looked forward to an era of Scandinavian cooperation when the wounds of this "remarkable year" were healed. On June 7, 1906, no formal celebration was held, and eventually the date became a patriotic anniversary in which no bitter associations remind either Norwegians or Swedes of past conflict. (In passing, it is interesting to note that the date June 7 has figured prominently in the history of Norway no less than four times. On June 7, 1895, the Storting had to give way to Sweden in the consular question; on June 7, 1905, Norway declared the union with Sweden dissolved; on June 7, 1940, King Haakon had to leave Norway after gallant but losing battles by the Norwegians against the invading



KING HAAKON, WITH CROWN PRINCE OLAV, IS  
WELCOMED TO NORWAY BY PRIME MINISTER  
MICHELSSEN, NOVEMBER 23, 1905



Sturlason

KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD ON THE DAY OF THEIR CORONATION,  
JUNE 22, 1906

Germans; and on June 7, 1945, King Haakon returned to Norway following the Allied victory.)

With the gaining of full independence in 1905 the future of the kingdom of Norway lay within the hands of its *Venstre* and liberal leaders and, as Michelsen said, now began a "new work day." Turning to social reforms, to internal improvements, to broadening the base of social and economic democracy, succeeding governments assisted in planting firmly the tradition of a democratic, constitutional monarchy.

The dissolution of the Norwegian-Swedish union was notable both in Scandinavian and world history, for it achieved a peaceful separation by democratic processes, and has permitted, five decades later, the erection of a wide community of interests. It may be said, therefore, that 1955 marks not only the anniversary of the separation of Norway and Sweden, and the election of Haakon VII, but the attainment of a Scandinavian unity and common purpose in advancement toward goals of peace and amity.

During the fifty years he has reigned King Haakon has worked in full cooperation with Liberal, Labor, Conservative and other governments. He has never lost sight of the goal which he once set for himself in his slogan: *Alt for Norge*. In war and peace he has shown courage and steadfast faith in the goals for which all Norwegians strive: peace and a future without fear.

This golden jubilee of Haakon VII's election to the Norwegian throne thus demonstrates to the whole world both the wisdom of the "men of 1905" and the high place which the king holds in the minds and hearts of Norwegians.

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## KIERKEGAARD AND POLITICS

BY HOWARD A. JOHNSON

No one who is interested in Søren Kierkegaard—or in politics—can fail to be interested in the year 1848, for that is the year, said Kierkegaard, whose "actual events, almighty as they are, have cast light on my thesis."<sup>1</sup>

The events in question were Germany's war with Denmark and the whole rash of revolutions in Europe that year, including Denmark's bloodless revolution by which its absolute monarchy became a constitutional one. And Kierkegaard's thesis was that "the crowd, regarded as a judge over ethical and religious matters, is untruth."<sup>2</sup>

Kierkegaard suffered in some respects from an astonishing political myopia, but coupled with it was an even more astonishing political far-sightedness. If the positive values enshrined in constitutional monarchy and in democracy were hidden from him, he was fully clairvoyant of the harm the human race would suffer from that whole movement which bore the proud device "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The Kierkegaardian forecast was this: When men have liberated themselves from God, their struggle for equality produces only equality in mediocrity, and instead of fraternity we end with convention-ridden collectivism. Unless re-won for Christianity, man cannot escape the descending logic which reads: from monarchy, to democracy, to communism—i.e., the abdication of selfhood and the monstrous standardization and regimentation of life.<sup>3</sup>

As Kierkegaard saw his century, everything seemed to converge in a grand conspiracy against the individual human being. "Each age has its own characteristic depravity. Ours is perhaps not pleasure or indulgence or sensuality, but rather a dissolute pantheistic contempt for the individual man."<sup>4</sup>

Behind this puzzling declaration lies Kierkegaard's distrust of the French Revolution, the machine, and Hegel. We examine each of these in turn.

Kierkegaard was no advocate of evil kings, and he knew that abuse of power brings upon itself the Nemesis of revolution; but he detected that the real evil of his time was its desire to be quit not simply of kings but also

<sup>1</sup> From "That Individual"—Two 'Notes' concerning my Work as an Author" in *The Point of View*, p. 122. (Cp. the "Supplement" bound up in the same book, pp. 159-164.)

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*; cf. also p. 116.

<sup>3</sup> This motif occurs many times—sometimes explicitly, sometimes by inference. Cf., e.g., Preface No. 3 and the Postscript to *On Authority and Revelation*, which is the title Walter Lowrie has invented for his translation of "The Book on Adler." With the publication of this book this year, the Kierkegaardian canon in English is at last complete—exactly one hundred years after his death.

<sup>4</sup> *Unscientific Postscript*, p. 317.



S. Kierkegaard  
Magister artium

SØREN KIERKEGAARD

Woodcut by H. P. Hansen

The one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Kierkegaard will be commemorated on November 11 this year. It was also observed by an international congress of Kierkegaard scholars in Copenhagen in August.

of God.<sup>5</sup> What takes the place of God is "a superstitious belief in the saving and beatifying power of the understanding," conjoined with a trust in the future—with a trust, that is, in the power of man, given time, to achieve, by the exercise of his unaided reason, a socio-political Utopia. This, declared Kierkegaard, is "the pretense that the temporal will explain in time what in time must remain a riddle, which only Christianity can solve."<sup>6</sup>

"In these times," he wrote, "policy is everything. Between this and the religious view the difference is heaven-wide (*toto caelo*), as also the point of departure and the ultimate aim differ from it *toto caelo*, since policy begins on earth and remains on earth, whereas religion, deriving its beginning from above, aims to transcend the earth and thereby exalt earth to heaven."<sup>7</sup> In this passage Kierkegaard contrasts the Christian outlook with an outlook we have learned to call "secular." Secularism, as the Dean of New York puts it, is *this-age-ism*, *this-age-is-all-there-is-ism*. It regards man—his origin, his duty, and his destiny—as completely earth-bound. Reducing man to the single dimension of his social value, it eliminates the supernatural altogether. Instead of the ancient and orthodox trilogy "Nature, Man and God," we are left only with man and nature. But this man, because he has brains, can harness nature and here on earth build "heaven." "Eternity is done away with, and the stage for the perfection of all is transferred to the temporal":<sup>8</sup> this is Kierkegaard's accurate description of secularism in its optimistic-humanistic form. He makes the same point more devastatingly when he remarks that in our era "committees are pretty nearly everything."<sup>9</sup> Since there is no God, no revealed moral law, no absolute, men are left in sole possession, and it is up to them, in parliament assembled, to determine the truth by balloting.<sup>10</sup> This entire conception rests on "the proposition that the race is the truth and that this generation is the court of last resort, that the public is the discoverer of the truth and its judge."<sup>11</sup> For "race," however,

<sup>5</sup> "The misfortune of our age—in the political as well as in the religious sphere, and in all things—is disobedience, unwillingness to obey. And one deceives oneself and others by wishing to make us imagine that it is doubt. No, it is insubordination: it is not doubt of religious truth but insubordination against religious authority which is the fault in our misfortune and the cause of it." (*On Authority and Revelation*, p. xviii.)

<sup>6</sup> *Op.cit.*, p. xxi.

<sup>7</sup> *Point of View*, p. 109.

<sup>8</sup> *Training in Christianity*, p. 218. <sup>9</sup> *Point of View*, p. 133; cp. *The Present Age*, p. 17.

<sup>10</sup> In 1848 (*Papirer*, IX A 4) S.K. wrote: "Balloting (which is essentially the life-principle in government by the people; the numerical) is the destruction of everything great and noble and holy and lovable and, above all, of Christianity, since it is a deifying of worldliness and an infatuation with this world. Christianity is the exact opposite. (1) Purely formally. For Christianity is eternal truth, and this abolishes balloting altogether. As eternal truth, Christianity is entirely indifferent as to whether something has the majority behind it or not. But in the abracadabra of balloting, the majority is proof of truth; whatever lacks it is not truth, and whatever has it is truth. Frightful spiritlessness! (2) Realiter Christianity is directly opposed. For Christianity, as militant truth, assumes that here in this wretched world truth is always in the minority. Consequently: from the Christian point of view, truth is in the minority; according to balloting, the majority is truth. Indeed!"

<sup>11</sup> *Point of View*, p. 89.

we must write "crowd" or the "multitude" or the "masses." For the majority rules, and *vox populi* is *vox dei*. This "accounts for the fact that nowadays this absurdity finds a place in the State: 'the multitude,' an absurd monster or a monstrous absurdity, which nevertheless is physically in possession of power, and besides that has an extraordinary virtuosity in making everything commensurable for the decision of the hands upraised to vote or the fists upraised to fight."<sup>12</sup>

It was the *absolute* modern man wanted to abolish. Or rather, he found his absolute in Reason. But "Reason"—though spelled with a capital "R" as if it were a god or goddess—turned out, on closer inspection, to be the autonomous reason of men met together in general assembly to determine the truth by ballot . . . or by bayonet.<sup>13</sup> Kierkegaard's opinion was that if this is allowed to have its way, we may expect sinister results. "To establish man-made ethical absolutes must end in the complete denial of absolutes."<sup>14</sup> For if men acknowledge no law higher than that of their own creation, and if, out of fear of majority rule, no one dares to be "angular" enough or "primitive" enough to rise above "the parrot-wisdom of trivial experience"<sup>15</sup> (for it always involves a species of martyrdom to break with the majority), then we have the situation in which a man finds it "too venturesome a thing to be himself, far easier and safer to be like the others, to become an imitation, a number, a cipher in the crowd."<sup>16</sup> But thus the whole of existence is in danger of sinking down into a gray mass of "average behavior." "In Paris," said Kierkegaard, "they believe in the saving power of mutiny."<sup>17</sup> If enough people do a thing, it's right! And so it comes about that ethical standards are

<sup>12</sup> *On Authority and Revelation*, p. 193. Let Kierkegaard sound more conservative than actually he is, let me hasten to note (1) that he fully acknowledges the competence of parliaments and people in all purely material and temporal matters (cf. *Point of View*, p. 112) and (2) that by "crowd" Kierkegaard does not imply an invidious distinction between aristocracy and rabble. "Good God! How could a religious man hit upon such an inhuman inequality! No, 'crowd' stands for number, the numerical, a number of noblemen, millionaires, high dignitaries, etc.—as soon as the numerical is involved it is 'crowd,' 'the crowd.'" (p. 114)

<sup>13</sup> S.K. would have agreed entirely with Gordon Keith Chalmers (in *The Republic and the Person*) when he says that we were right in wanting liberty but wrong in forgetting that "what has really made possible the liberty of the individual has been not only its root in truth but the constancy of human agreement about the relation of man to God, right and wrong, good and evil." But in "the era of the abolished absolute" (Chalmers) we are "emancipated from all restraint (so to call it)," for now there is nothing that "unconditionally stands fast" (S.K.). "Require the navigator to sail without ballast—he capsizes. Let the race, let each individual, make the experiment of doing without the unconditional—it is a whirlpool and remains such." (*Point of View*, p. 163)

<sup>14</sup> Peter F. Drucker in a brilliant article on "The Unfashionable Kierkegaard" in *The Sewanee Review* for Autumn 1949. "The ethical position is bound to degenerate into relativism."

<sup>15</sup> *The Sickness unto Death*, p. 64.

<sup>16</sup> *Op.cit.*, p. 51. In this way the ground is prepared for men to take refuge in "the collective idea" and "the principle of association," whose logic is: Individually we are nothing, but by the strength of united effort we shall attain the goal. Cf. *The Present Age* (= *En literair Anmeldelse*). Especially worthy of study is the analysis of envy as "the negative uniting principle."

<sup>17</sup> *Stages on Life's Way*, p. 433; cf. *Sickness unto Death*, p. 201.

derived simply by computing the tabulated statistics of what people generally do. Public opinion and public conduct—influenced as they are in the twentieth century by the professional polls, surveys, and reports—afford fearful confirmation of Kierkegaard's prediction: Statistics will replace ethics.<sup>18</sup>

Perhaps now we understand Kierkegaard when he says of his age: "This is what it aspires to: it would build up the established order, abolish God, and through fear of men cow the individual into a mouse's hole. . . . When the established order has come to the point of deifying itself, then in the end use and wont become articles of faith, everything becomes about equally important, or custom, use, and wont become the important things. The individual no longer feels and recognizes that he along with every individual has a God-relationship which for him must possess absolute significance. No, the God-relationship is done away with; use and wont, custom and suchlike are deified. But this sort of God-fear is just contempt for God; it does not in fact fear God, it fears man."<sup>19</sup> Quite in the spirit of Kierkegaard, Hutchins remarks that the Battle Cry of the Republic now is "What will people say?" Kierkegaard's detestation of "the others," the majority, the crowd, is due to the fact that "it renders the individual completely impenitent and irresponsible, or at least weakens his sense of responsibility by reducing it to a fraction."<sup>20</sup>

All of this, thinks Kierkegaard, is a legacy of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, and what we can expect of the Industrial Revolution is a drastic acceleration of the whole process. Although he stood only at the beginning of the machine age, Kierkegaard feared the coming mechanization of life with its inevitable concomitants: the tedium of assembly-line existence, the anonymity of big cities, the threat of still further depersonalization. In his many scorching denunciations of "Philistinism" or the bourgeois spirit (which today we know as *suburbiana*)<sup>21</sup> we have the principles of criticism which already Kierkegaard had begun to apply to the great urban and industrial masses, although it was left to later men like Ortega y Gasset, Huxley, Orwell, Gheorghiu, and Heidegger to spell them out in detail. The desire of the French Revolution, laudable as it was, that all men might be equal

<sup>18</sup> *Papirer*, VII A 15 and B 215.

<sup>19</sup> *Training in Christianity*, p. 91 and p. 93. Cf. the whole of *Papirer*, VIII: A 598, from which I translate only the following: "The communists here at home and abroad fight for human rights. Good; so do I. Precisely for this reason I fight with might and main against the tyranny which is fear of man. Communism leads at best to the tyranny of fearing men (only see how France at this moment suffers from it); precisely at this point Christianity begins. The thing communism makes such a fuss about is what Christianity assumes as something which follows of itself, that all men are equal before God, i.e. essentially equal. But then Christianity shudders at this abomination which would abolish God and in His place install fear of the masses, of the majority, of the people, of the public."

<sup>20</sup> *Point of View*, p. 114.

<sup>21</sup> Cf., e.g., *The Concept of Dread*, pp. 83-86; *Postscript*, p. 486; *Sickness unto Death*, pp. 49ff. and pp. 63ff.

succeeded only in launching what Kierkegaard called "the leveling process." But this effort did not level up; it only leveled down. Kierkegaard gave humorous vent to his fear of the leveling process in a machine age when he scribbled in his Journal an entry under the heading, "*A double leveling down, or a method of leveling down which double-crosses itself*: With the daguerreotype [which had just been invented] everyone will be able to have their portrait taken—formerly it was only the prominent; and at the same time everything is being done to make us all look exactly the same—so that we shall only need one portrait."<sup>22</sup> The form of expression here is trivial, but if anyone wishes to know how seriously Kierkegaard feared "the leveling process" as a force contributing to the creation of the "faceless multitudes" he has only to read the book called *The Present Age*.

Whenever this multitude is set upon the throne, says Kierkegaard, "the art of statesmanship will become a game. Everything will turn upon getting the multitude pollinated, with torches and with weapons, indifferent, absolutely indifferent, as to whether they understand anything or no."<sup>23</sup> In a manufacturing age it is, of course, possible to manufacture everything—even public opinion, the mightiest dictator the world has ever known. "Of this public opinion," writes the great Kierkegaard scholar David F. Swenson, "the modern press is both servant and master, both creature and creator. It gives a tongue to the impersonal impulses generated by the multitude, and so intensifies their power and extends their scope. Press and public are thus a mutual fit, and the essential faults of the one are also the essential faults of the other."<sup>24</sup>

"If there were only one speaking trumpet on board a ship," says Kierkegaard, "and this was in the possession of the pantry-boy, and if everybody looked upon this as a perfectly natural and proper state of affairs: what then? Everything that the pantry-boy had to say: 'mouse in the larder,' 'fine weather today,' 'Lord only knows what's wrong in the ship's hold,' etc., etc., would be published abroad through the speaking trumpet. The captain, on the contrary, would be limited to the use of his own natural voice, for what he had to say was of course not so important. At times he would be reduced to begging the assistance of the pantry-boy, in order that his commands might be made audible. At such times the pantry-boy would feel at liberty to revise the words of command; so that passing through him and his trumpet they

<sup>22</sup> *The Journals of Søren Kierkegaard*, No. 1912 = *Papirer*, XII A 118.

<sup>23</sup> *On Authority and Revelation*, p. 195.

<sup>24</sup> *Something about Kierkegaard*, 1st ed., pp. 151f. The long quotation in the next paragraph is taken from Swenson's convenient collection of some of the passages in which Kierkegaard laments that "one great mechanical discovery after the other has made it possible to expound doctrines impersonally in increasing measure," with the result that "there has been collected in modern states a huge inorganic precipitate: the multitude. No one ever really comes to grips with this huge mass." For a study of the role of the Press in creating the phantom Public, cf. *The Present Age*, pp. 37ff.

would become nonsensical and misleading. The captain would then be compelled to strain his voice in competition, but without success. At last the pantry-boy would become the master of the ship, because he had the speaking trumpet.—*Pro dii immortales!*<sup>25</sup>

And then—if the one and only speaking trumpet should fall into the hands of the "vested interests," a demagogue, or the *Führer* . . . !

With these last words we come within sight of what was, in my judgment, Kierkegaard's most prophetic political insight. He has understood that the real trouble with secularism is that man can never remain merely secular. Inevitably man is religious and will turn religious again; and if it is not the Christian religion to which he turns, it will be daemonic religion, religion horribly twisted and distorted. The trajectory of man's fall is from theism, to humanism, to materialism. But that is not yet the end. There's no stopping this thing. The next step, inevitably, is a new kind of religion. The race which has abolished the old Absolute will presently invent a new one. And Kierkegaard knew what the new absolute would be. He learned from Hegel that it would be the *State*—a State that demanded of its citizens uncritical allegiance, unconditional obedience, religious devotion, and self-immolation.

Kierkegaard perceived that people would give themselves to this wildly, fanatically, religiously, like men possessed. In his Journal for 1848 he wrote these words: "In contradistinction to the Middle Ages and those periods with all their discussion of possession, of particular men giving themselves to evil, I should like to write a book:

*On diabolic possession in modern times*

and show how mankind *en masse* gives itself up to evil, how nowadays it happens *en masse*. That is why people flock together, in order to feel themselves stimulated, enflamed and *ausser sich*. The scenes on the Blocksberg are the exact counterparts of this demoniacal pleasure, where the pleasure consists in losing oneself in order to be volatilized into a higher potency, where being outside oneself one hardly knows what one is doing or saying, or who or what is speaking through one, while the blood courses faster, the eyes turn bright and staring, the passions and lust seething."<sup>25</sup>

Denis de Rougemont asks the question, "What could Kierkegaard be thinking of when, in his bourgeois, pious and comfortable Denmark, he wrote these prophetic lines?" And he answers: "Kierkegaard understood better than anyone and before anyone the creative diabolical *principle* of the mass: fleeing from one's own person, no longer being responsible, and therefore no longer guilty, and becoming at one stroke a participant in the divinized power of the *Anonymous*."<sup>26</sup>

<sup>25</sup> *Journals*, No. 1063 = *Papirer*, X<sup>2</sup> A 490.

<sup>26</sup> *The Devil's Share*, p. 141.

Men who have boasted of their freedom and self-sufficiency discover presently that they cannot bear the burden of this autonomy, and so there is a violent swing of the pendulum to authority and submission. The three big totalitarian movements of our generation, Communism, Fascism, and National Socialism, came as political religions—religions of salvation. So far as I am aware, Søren Kierkegaard was the first man to understand their religious character.

French Socialism appeared in the 1830's. The *Communist Manifesto* came in 1848. On paper, these movements were outspokenly atheistic, anti-religious. But their atheism deceived the world into thinking that this was mere political opposition to any form of religion whatsoever. The world was fooled by this. Not Kierkegaard. In 1849 he wrote: "It will become evident, as that which lay at the basis of the catastrophe, that it was the opposite of the Reformation: then [at the Reformation] everything had the appearance of religious movement but showed itself to be political movement; now everything appears to be politics but will explicate itself as religious movement."<sup>27</sup>

For all their apparent atheism, Kierkegaard discerned that Socialism and Communism were essentially religious,<sup>28</sup> that they were deifications of the State, and that they would appeal to the masses by their claim to be saviours. Hence, the struggle to come was to be a struggle between competing religions of salvation. And with good reason, as history has shown, Kierkegaard feared that secular man, mechanized man, depersonalized man would easily succumb to the blandishments of a totalitarian State which offered him security but at the price of his freedom.

All of this Kierkegaard saw implicit in Hegel.<sup>29</sup> What he saw there was the philosophical justification, in imposing form, of a State which, since it was the incarnation of Absolute Reason, must bend all individuals to its will—and break those who would not. But with sure instinct, Kierkegaard knew that a society which acts on the assumption that society is everything and the individual nothing, always degenerates into the kind of society which destroys individuals and ultimately itself. And when this had happened, then would come the mood of nihilistic despair—this mood which makes our world completely uncertain and completely unpredictable. *Anything* can happen.

<sup>27</sup> *Papirer*, X<sup>2</sup> B 40.

<sup>28</sup> "The strength in communism is obviously the ingredient of religion, even Christian religion, but dæmonically held." (*Papirer*, X<sup>2</sup> B 41.)

<sup>29</sup> It would take an entire doctoral dissertation (the world is still waiting for a good one) to document this point properly. Meanwhile, one may consult Dr. G. Malantschuk's article, "Kierkegaard and the Totalitarians" in *The American-Scandinavian Review* for Autumn 1946—an article still extraordinarily valuable in spite of its having been cruelly abbreviated; one should also read Reinhold Niebuhr's section on "The Loss of the Self in Idealism" in *The Nature and Destiny of Man* and N. H. Søe's *Karl Marx og Marxismen*. In S.K. himself, cf., e.g., *Journals*, No. 1050 (= *Papirer*, X<sup>2</sup> A 426), and *Sickness unto Death*, pp. 19aff. Curious that hardly anyone has called attention to the political implications of *Fear and Trembling*; cf. *Problema I* and *II*.

For the race, said Kierkegaard, will be so exhausted by the convulsions through which it has passed that people will again be "open." Open, that is, to infection from any quarter. This could be good infection. It could be bad infection.<sup>20</sup> Kierkegaard hopes for the former. The man who anticipated and attacked the foolish doctrine of Inevitable Progress was not himself so foolish as to believe in Inevitable Regress.

"If there is to be real victory, it must happen by means of priests; neither soldiers nor police officers nor diplomats nor political project-makers will be capable of it. Priests will be required . . . who can break up the "masses" and make them into individual persons."<sup>21</sup> Kierkegaard is convinced that if only each human being could be helped to become conscious of himself as standing "before God," strictly accountable to God and deeply loved by that God to whom he is precious as a unique and irreplaceable individual, the impersonal thing called "the public" would disappear. Instead of anonymous, irresponsible masses, there would be persons personally related to the personal God, a God of justice and love who demands the transformation of society and provides resources for its renewal. Such people could no longer be stamped like cattle by dæmonic totalitarian movements. Motivated by love of God and neighbor, they would become critical and constructive citizens of the State, not fanatical devotees of the State. "And this is my faith," wrote Kierkegaard, "that however much there may be that is confused and evil and detestable in men who have become that irresponsible thing without possibility of repentance which we call 'the masses,' there is just as much truth and goodness and loveliness in them when one can get hold of the individual. Oh! and in what a high degree would men become—men, and lovable men, if they would become individuals before God!" And therefore he says: "Religion [i.e. *Christian* religion] is the true humanity."<sup>22</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> Cf. e.g., *Papirer*, IX B 10, p. 311, and X<sup>6</sup> B 41; several passages in *The Present Age*; Preface No. 3 and the Postscript to *On Authority and Revelation*, and the hilarious letter No. 186 in *Breve og Aktstykker vedrørende Søren Kierkegaard* (edited by Niels Thulstrup).

<sup>21</sup> *Papirer*, X<sup>6</sup> B 40.

<sup>22</sup> *Point of View*, pp. 153f. and p. 110.



Emmett E. Smith

THE OLD HOUSE ("GAMMELSTUGAN") AT EKBACKEN

## EKBACKEN: A BIT OF DALECARLIA

BY SONYA LOFTNESS EVANS

**E**KBACKEN is not a house, that is not just one house. Nor could it be properly called an estate. More simply, it is a place, with four houses, on a hillside falling away into a valley, and the hillside is, in spite of its name, covered with shining birch trees.

Of course, by the sound of it, you know that Ekbacken is Swedish. And it is. It looks a little like old Dalecarlia. If you were suddenly landed there, on a mystery flight, you would be puzzled. The spirit of Sweden and of the Swedish countryside is here; the birch tree, the national symbol of Sweden, seems to be uncommonly abundant; yet the houses are of redwood siding, and you are looking across gentle mountains and dreamy fogs. Near the birches stands a growth of redwoods.

Ekbacken, you would know by now, is in northern California, in Mill Valley. It has the fresh, sweet atmosphere of all wooded and mountain areas; the hillside is sometimes bursting with wild lilac, sometimes with scarlet geraniums, often with delicate stream flowers that grace the edges of a running brook.

The door that stands open onto the driveway at Ekbacken is painted bright yellow. It almost sparkles among the tall, deep redwoods. Probably it is the first thing you will see. It is a Dutch door, and it is covered with peasant painting. Standing wide, you see the adobe fireplace, right at the entrance, burning with a welcome fire. In front of the hearth, you see a plump wooden horse, painted bright orange, and embellished with peasant designs as well.



Emmett E. Smith

THE MAIN BUILDING AT EKBACKEN

All of three feet tall, it is the sign of the handicraft shops in Sweden, and was at one time the favorite motif of Swedish peasant artists.

The yellow door is the door to *gammelstugan*, or the old house. All of the houses have names. The great, or main house is *storstugan*, the two others are *vevstugan*, or weaving house, and *varpstugan*, or warping house.

This gives away the reason for Ekbacken; it is the leading Swedish weaving colony in America.

The spirit behind Ekbacken is the beloved leader of that colony, Mrs. Valborg Gravander. Wayfarer, rich or poor, is always welcome here. There is peace here, and joy in simple living. People are always coming and going, and if you were to chance by, Mama Gravander would most certainly put the coffee pot on, seat you on the hearth or divan in the great house, and serve you "coffee buns of friendship."

There is always an air of festival at Ekbacken. At home, Mama Gravander

is always in costume. Her full, striped skirt, bright apron, tight bodice, and embroidered skullcap edged with lace, is the costume of the Swedish Housewives' Association.

Scandinavian hospitality is famous, western hospitality as well. You sense the open friendliness of each at Ekbacken. Ekbacken is not a direct copy of an old "gård" in Sweden or Norway; it is equally contemporary and individual. In reality, it is dedicated to people rather than things—in people enjoying the common well-being of working and playing together, of rediscovering the rewarding, basic satisfaction of creating with one's own hands. It is a way of life more than a place, a spirit, and an enthusiasm.

Ekbacken was made possible by one man—the American cinema star, Charles Laughton. The Gravanders had dreamt of Ekbacken for twenty-five years; it was a dream that was to crystallize after a Swedish life insurance had matured. But the war hindered this realization—



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MAMA GRAVANDER AT HER SPINNING WHEEL

then suddenly, Charles Laughton decided he wanted a house "handwoven" by the Gravanders.

For three years, the Gravanders devoted themselves to weaving rugs, draperies, upholstery, bedspreads, table linens . . . every bit of fabric that was to go into the Laughton household. That one order built the four houses at Ekbacken.

And building it was a community project. Like the "gård" of old Sweden and Norway, where there were sometimes as many as ten or twelve houses on one farm, each family being self-sufficient, and neighbors gathering together to help harvest the hay, to furnish labor for building, or to celebrate family festivals, the neighbors of the Gravanders came to help; the roof of

each house at Ekbacken was raised by friends.

But small wonder. Ekbacken is fun. Along with "open house" which occurs every day, the great Swedish holidays are celebrated with great aplomb at Ekbacken. At Easter time, the Easter tree appears in the house, covered with bright feathers. Just before Christmas, the tremendous Santa Lucia festival and the Santa Lucia bride with her crown of candles and trays of Santa Lucia cakes attract guests from all over San Francisco, students from International House at the University of California, the artist colony from Marin County, neighbor and friend. After the holidays, on Twelfth Night, they gather again to burn the Christmas tree, and the Swedish candelabra made of paper curls. In



Alfred Greene

*AN EXHIBIT FROM EKBACKEN AT INTERNATIONAL HOUSE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA*

the summertime, Mama Gravander entertains at crayfish parties, the guests themselves going down to the stream below with lantern and net for the evening's refreshments. Greatest of all is Midsummer's Eve, when birch branches are wound around the pillars of the entrance, and folk dancing welcomes the young and lively from far around.

As weavers, the Gravanders (Axel and Valborg) are internationally known. Accommodations for as many as twenty or more students can be found in the four houses at Ekbacken; there may be students from Connecticut, Florida, Mexico, Sweden—from almost anywhere, studying and living at Ekbacken.

In the weaving house, you will see any number of colorful Swedish patterns on the looms. Often as many contemporary fabrics are being shuttled back and forth. It is fascinating to watch, even more engrossing to study. With Mama Gravander's expert hand, weaving becomes an absorbing world of self-expression, with pride in sound

techniques and principles, and joy in creating something original.

Mrs. Gravander is most noted for her use of traditional Swedish weaving patterns. Her favorite loom is a Swedish loom from Hedemora, Sweden. Of her two favorite Swedish patterns, one she has taken from a provincial bedspread—it is a discovery, and has no particular name; the other, her particular favorite, is the pattern known in Sweden as "fantasy" or "fancy" rosepath. She has used this more than any other pattern, for the most part because it lends itself so well to border patterns in peasant skirts, now so popular, which are woven in her studios.

The now-famous fabric for the peasant skirts is called wool taffeta, a changeable fabric, achieved by using one-color cotton warp, and weaving through it with a second color wool weft, sometimes also cotton or silk. A mohair yarn, or bits of silver and gold, woven through the patterns, add contemporary beauty to the materials.

In the very first house, with the bright yellow door, you can purchase some of these beautiful handwoven fabrics. The room with the adobe fireplace, the painted horse, and all the beautifully painted doors executed by California artists in Dalecarlian manner, is a small handicraft shop; here there are shelves and shelves of painted wooden, and peeled rye horses, small things of brass, wood and iron, imported from Sweden, the clever things at which the Swedish craftsman is so adept, fine ceramics by California artists, Swedish crystal, antique and modern copper, traditional and modern fabrics, and the beautiful peasant skirts.

Your eye scarcely knows where to stop in this fascinating room; the brass candle sconce with the hanging hearts, the painted candlesticks, the gleaming crystal, the woven hangings, intrigue you because you can take them home with you; but the room itself is something you want to stay in and study.

The beamed ceiling above and the raised adobe hearth are reminiscent of Swedish country houses. The colors of the room are those of old jewels, a pale gold in the ceiling, aquamarine across the walls, the rafters and shelves a garnet red like the color seen on old Swedish cupboards, aquamarine again on the smaller rafters, and the bright yellow of the Swedish flag as trim around the windows and doors. The doors alone are priceless, each of them illustrating Biblical scenes, as the old peasant paintings of Sweden and Norway so often did, each executed in the bright colors and naive figures of a free peasant style.

*Gammelstugan*, or the old house, also contains a collection of ancient weaving and spinning tools. Downstairs, in *gammelstugan*, there is another open fire,

even more displays of straw, wood, and brass, imports from Sweden.

In the warping house, yarns are being spun, and often hand-dyed. In the weaving house, you will almost always find a group of students at their looms; in the summertime, they often bring their looms outdoors, under the willows, and among the bright red geraniums.

The wealth of centuries, and much of the elegance of a Swedish manor, are felt in the living room of *storstugan*, or the main house. This is a room of truly handsome proportions. The view afforded by the tremendous windows brings one immediately out-of-doors. With firelight playing across the colors of the room, illuminating the colors of the handwoven Swedish hangings on the walls, flickering across gleaming Swedish copper, bronze candle sconces, handsome chandeliers of wrought iron, and the strange straw mobiles from Sweden, suspended from the ceiling, the room has a pervasive atmosphere. There are open books everywhere; there is always the festive touch of a particular season somewhere in the room; the country kitchen is seldom idle; the house is never without a guest.

The gift of appreciation which is Mama Gravander's, a life full of work, a spirit that does not know ennui, an uncommon ability to convey a sense of peace to others, have given Ekbacken the richness that it has; it is a presence of earth and soul. Count it fair to be a guest at Ekbacken.

As Mama Gravander moves about Ekbacken in her beautiful costume, speaking to her students, tending to her duties, knowing peace in full living, she will say, "This way of living will go on and on. It is not a temporary thing."

*Sonya Loftness Evans, art critic, is a frequent contributor to the REVIEW.*



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THE RADIO AND RADAR STATION AT ISFJORD

## SVALBARD

BY ANDERS K. ORVIN

THE domain of Norway now includes many islands in the Arctic, as well as two islands in the Antarctic Ocean; a part of the Antarctic continent between 20° W. Long. and 45° E. Long. has also been annexed.

Until 1920 the Arctic islands known as Svalbard were "no man's land," and visitors might claim territory, kill animals, and quarrel about ownership to land at will. But by a treaty signed in Paris on February 9, 1920, the sovereignty over Svalbard was given to Norway on certain conditions. The following powers recognized the Norwegian claim: The United States, Great Britain, France, Denmark, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Canada, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, India, and Sweden. In 1924 Soviet Russia and in 1925 Germany recognized the Norwegian sovereignty. The treaty was later signed by a number of other nations. It was not until August 14, 1925, however, that the

Norwegian colors were hoisted at Longyearbyen, the most important settlement there.

Svalbard, which means "cold coast," is located in the Arctic Ocean far north of Norway between 74° and 81° Northern Lat. and 10° and 35° Eastern Long. The largest group of these islands is still known by the old Dutch name of Spitsbergen, but Svalbard also includes Bjørnøya (Bear Island), Hopen (Hope Island), Kong Karls Land (King Karl's Land), and Kvitøya (White Island).

The administration of Svalbard is now subordinate partly to the Norwegian Ministry of Justice and partly to the Ministry of Industry. The Governor (*sysselmann*), with residence at Longyearbyen, is both chief of police, notary public, and assistant judge. An inspector of mines (*bergmester*) is also stationed at Longyearbyen. Norwegian civil and criminal law is in force, unless otherwise stated. A special income



MAP OF SVALBARD

tax has been introduced for Svalbard, but persons staying in the islands are assessed at four per cent only. A mining ordinance gives the citizens of all signatory powers of the Svalbard Treaty equal rights to exploit the mineral deposits.

According to the old Icelandic Annals, *Svalbarðr* was discovered in the year 1194, four days' sailing from Langanes in Iceland. Many scientists are of

the opinion that this *Svalbarðr* is identical with Spitsbergen, while others doubt it. The question cannot be answered with certainty and, at any rate, the discovery seems to have been forgotten. However, in 1596, the Dutch explorer Willem Barents found Bear Island and continued northwards in the wedge-formed open water gashed by the Gulf Stream in the polar ice. He became aware of a row of pointed mountains rising out of the sea and thus discovered,

or re-discovered Spitsbergen, a cold land with barren ground and naked mountains between the glaciers. He met the ever changing edge of the polar pack ice, shining and gleaming in gold, blue, and white, but more frequently washed by the sea in fog and slush or by stormy weather in the winter darkness. Such is the border of the pack ice today, and such it was when the ancient Norsemen sailed along it, searching for new land and adventures.

The new-found islands had a very abundant animal life. Around the coasts the sea teemed with whales, walrus, seals, and polar bears, and on land large herds of reindeer roamed in profound ignorance of man. Myriads of sea birds swarmed along the coast where the arctic fox made an easy living below the bird rocks. No wonder, therefore, that the whalers sailed north to hunt their giant prey!

The general opinion at that time was that Greenland and Spitsbergen were joined by land. King Christian IV of Denmark-Norway claimed, therefore, sovereignty over Spitsbergen. Some whaling companies paid him a royalty, while others, like the well-known British Muscovy Company, received a license from the King of England to catch whales.

After numerous disputes the Dutch, English, and other nations divided the coast between them. At the Dutch cookeries at Smeerenburg on Amsterdam Island there would be up to 1200 persons in the summer. When the head of whales, however, had been nearly depleted, and what was left avoided the coast, the whalers followed them westward into the ice, and about a hundred years after the discovery the islands were again nearly deserted.

A new period in the history of the archipelago began around 1715, when Russian trappers first visited Spitsbergen or Grumant (a corruption of Greenland), as they called it. Their objective

was to catch foxes, bears, walrus, seals, and reindeer. Their small ships, or *lodka's* were drawn on land for the winter, and they lived in houses built of driftwood. They were frequently victims of scurvy, at that time a disease threatening all who wintered in the polar regions. Many of these Russians came from the Solovjetskoi Monastery, and some of them, like Ermil Starostin, might stay in Spitsbergen for a great part of their lives. Today we can see some of the sites, with remnants of logs, birch-bark, and bricks. But in many places bones and skulls, unearthed by foxes and bears and now whitened by the sun, have tales to tell about those Russians who never returned.

The Russian activity ceased about 1850, but by that time Norwegian sealers, and trappers too, had visited Spitsbergen for a number of years. Small sailing vessels were sent out from Tromsø and Hammerfest in northern Norway to catch walrus, seals, and reindeer, and to gather eider down, and there would also be trappers who stayed the winter over to hunt foxes and bears. At present, however, only a few trappers remain throughout the winter, mainly because the fur prices are very low in proportion to the cost of the outfit.

The nature and climate of Svalbard is high Arctic, and large areas, as for instance, the inner and eastern part of Nordaustlandet and also large parts of West Spitsbergen, are covered by thick ice sheets. In the mountains some lichens cling to the rocks, and we find the arctic poppy nodding in the breeze. Numerous glaciers find their way between the sharp ridges and pointed peaks, and slide slowly into the lowlands and the sea. Along the glacier fronts running into the sea the ice now and then rushes down with a thunder-like crash and squirt of foam, filling the sea with calf-ice of all shapes and sizes. The small glaciers often reach down



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TEMPLET, A MOUNTAIN ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE SASSENFJORD



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GIPSDALEN AS SEEN FROM TEMPLET



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A COAL MINE IN LONGYEARDALEN

only to the lowlands or the larger valleys, where they strew quantities of broken rocks.

In many localities along the coast we find extensive coastal plains, once formed by the sea when it reached to a higher level than now. In other places steep mountains line the shore, and here endless swarms of "little" auks, kittiwakes, gulls, fulmar petrels, and other birds are nesting in the summer. They shriek and make a dreadful noise night and day until the young ones are big enough to leave the nests.

In the ice-free valleys and in the lowlands a rich vegetation of blooming saxifrage, glacier crowfoot, poppy, chickweed, and many other flowers form a beautiful contrast to the cold and barren surroundings. The arctic willow (*Salix polaris*), the smallest tree in the world, rises only a few centimeters above the ground, forming green carpets and giving an illusion of new-fallen snow when the plants are covered with seed

wool. But autumn arrives early, with leaves shining in red and gold. Moors with cotton-grass are found in some of the larger valleys, and the slopes below the bird rocks have a distinct green color due to the abundance of guano.

These days you will seldom meet a polar bear on the west coast of Spitsbergen, but on the east coast and in the Barents Sea the bear is still common. On King Karl's Land it is protected throughout the year. So also is the walrus, which has nearly been exterminated. Barbed seal and ringed seal are still common also on the west coast. The reindeer has been protected since 1925, but illegal shooting by the so-called "small catchers" has occurred. They visit Svalbard every summer to hunt seals and bears, but the economic gain is rather insignificant.

One of the recent attractions in Svalbard is the musk-ox, which was introduced from Greenland in 1929 and now has multiplied and spread over large

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STREET SCENE IN LONGYEARBYEN

areas. They have also been reported from Prince Karl's Foreland.

The fishing along the western coast of Spitsbergen started in 1934 but has actually come to an end. A fishery station, erected at Ny-Alesund in 1935, was closed down before the last war, but the halibut and cod fishing around Bear Island, which commenced in 1926, is still carried on.

The islands of Svalbard are mainly built up of sedimentary rocks, comprising all systems from Pre-Cambrian to Tertiary. The fossils show that the climate in earlier geological times has been very dissimilar to the arctic climate of today. Even as late as in the older Tertiary time the climate was similar to that of southern Europe today, perhaps even warmer. Because of the sinking of the land, the moors and forests of those times were covered by sand and clay, and in the course of the ages this vegetation was transformed to coal. Such coal seams are also found in the De-

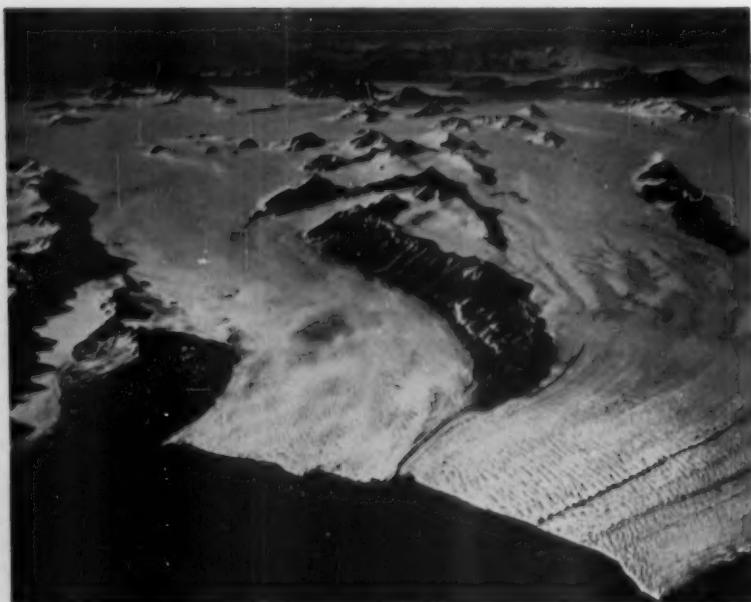
vonian, the Carboniferous, and the Cretaceous systems. Owing to later folding and upheaval of the land, the coal seams are now outcropping in many localities.

The occurrence of coal in Svalbard was known as early as 1610, but it was not until the beginning of this century that the coal deposits were given general attention and thus palmy days dawned for Svalbard.

In the period 1898-1920 many areas, most of them containing coal seams, were claimed by individuals and corporations from various countries. As Svalbard still was "no man's land" without law, the question of ownership got rather involved, and quarrels arose between the claimants more than once. Finally, a Danish commissioner was appointed in 1925 to decide upon the merits of the many claims to land. He recognized forty areas as private property; of these fourteen were Norwegian. Foreign properties, however, have gradually been transferred to Norwegian owners, so that at present no less than 36 of

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THE TOWN OF NY-ÅLESUND

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THE OSBORN GLACIER NEAR KONGSFJORD

these "treaty properties" are Norwegian and only four Soviet Russian. The total area of these properties is 4225.3 square kilometers, or about 6.8 per cent of the total area of Svalbard (62,050 sq. km.). The four Soviet Russian areas amount to only 6 per cent of the total area of private properties. All remaining land is the property of the Norwegian Government and cannot pass into private possession.

Except for coal deposits, ore and mineral deposits are rather poor and scanty. Deposits of anhydrite with gypsum, marble, iron ore, asbestos, galena, zinc blende, and pyrites have been found, but they have proved to be too small or too poor to render mining profitable.

The first coal mining on a larger scale was started in 1907 by an American firm, the Arctic Coal Company of Boston. Later also English, Russian, Norwegian, Swedish, and Dutch companies worked coal mines in Spitsbergen and on Bear Island; but most of the foreign corporations have sold their properties, and at present only Norwegian and Soviet Russian coal mines are worked in Svalbard.

With the exception of the Soviet Russian mine at Pyramiden in Billefjorden, which is worked on Carboniferous coal seams, all the mines are worked on Tertiary seams; thus the Norwegian firm, Store Norske Spitsbergen Kulkompani A/S is working two mines at Longyearbyen, and the Norwegian company Kings Bay Kull Company A/S mines at Ny-Alesund, and the Soviet Russian company Arctic Ougol is working mines at Barentsburg and Grumantbyen.

The thickness of the coal seams mined is generally 6/10 to 1 meter, but in some localities, as at Sveagruva and at Ny-Alesund, it may be as much as 2-4 meters. The coals are steam coals, mostly with 33-37 per cent volatile matter. The probable reserve of workable coal on the peninsula between Isfjorden and

Bellsund may be estimated to at least 1500 million tons. South of Bellsund the seams are little known, and the many glaciers will create transport problems.

In 1916 Store Norske Spitsbergen Kulkompani A/S took over the property belonging to the Arctic Coal Company, which had been started by the American mine owner John Munro Longyear of Marquette, Michigan. In the period 1907-1916 the company had exported 147,000 tons. During the years preceding the last war Store Norske Spitsbergen Kulkompani exported about 300,000 tons per year, but in the course of the war all mining towns except Ny-Alesund and Pyramiden were totally destroyed by the Germans and had to be rebuilt before coal production could be resumed. The total coal export from Svalbard from 1907 to 1952 amounted to about 12 million tons, of which 7,900,000 tons came from Norwegian mines. Of this quantity Store Norske alone exported 6,400,000 tons.

Coal mining in Svalbard has mainly been performed in frozen rock. The permafrost reaches down to 100-150 meters in the lowlands and to about 300 meters in the mountains. As gas and water are penetrating the permafrost in only a few localities the mines remained clear from gas and water for many years. When mining takes place below the permafrost, however, gas explosions and inflow of water may occur, especially in the mines at Ny-Alesund where the coal seams have been exposed to severe tectonical disturbances.

The everyday life in the mining towns of Svalbard is actually not very different from that of many remote localities in Northern Norway. Certainly the winter is longer, with obscuration from October 26 to February 17, but in return the sun remains above the horizon from April 23 to August 24. It is a curious fact that people in Svalbard are feeling

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SALIX POLARIS WITH SEED WOOL AT NY-ALESUND

more at ease in winter than during the summer. The cause may be that life and work are going on without any disturbance from newcomers and calls of steamers. Of course, the population of Svalbard must do without many of the conveniences of life to which they may have been accustomed, but the cold and the dark winters, and the loneliness too, are familiar to all those who hail from North Norway. In Svalbard they have fine houses and good food, and they are entertained with motion pictures, music, radio, and dances. At Longyearbyen a club house has been built, the like of which will hardly be found in North Norway. The greatest attraction, however, for the miners in Svalbard are the high wages. Many a fellow has spent some years in the coal mines to be able to buy a farm of his own back on the mainland of Norway.

In many cases the employees bring their families with them. At Longyearbyen there is a minister, but the church,

burned down during the war, has not been rebuilt as yet. A lady teacher gives the children their first lessons. A physician and nurses are appointed in all mining towns, but, except for a few accidents, the state of health is remarkably good, thanks to the clean, bacteria-free air. Not until the arrival of the first steamers in the spring will diseases like influenza appear. Scurvy does not occur at the present time.

Due to the great distances between the mining towns, communications are poor, and the periods of freezing and breaking up of the ice render all crossing of the fjords impossible except for ice-going vessels. At the Norwegian as well as at the Soviet Russian mines great hospitality is displayed. The politically strained relations have not as yet influenced the convivial atmosphere which prevails among the people of Svalbard.

Only a few years ago Svalbard was still a remote group of islands, and

nobody considered the archipelago as being of strategic importance. The air age, of course, has changed this completely. The Arctic has already been drawn into the range of military activity, and Svalbard too is included in the plans of geo-politicians. According to Article 9 of the Treaty of 1920, however, it is prohibited to establish naval bases or fortifications in Svalbard, and the territory must never serve military purposes. During the past war this was a point not very strictly observed by any of the belligerents. The Germans, for instance, established secret meteorological stations in the islands. The weather forecasting is no longer of interest only for the navigation to and from the harbors of Northern Russia, but is also of the greatest importance to aviation across the Arctic.

As in other high arctic areas, the exploitable resources of Svalbard are rather limited. The islands have, however, facilities for becoming one of the most exclusive tourist attractions. But the short summer will hardly render it profitable to run hotels there.

The large tourist steamers that visited Svalbard before the last war have not resumed their sailings, but the Norwegian mail and passenger steamer *Lingen*, belonging to Troms Fylkes Dampskibsselskap A/S, is making six trips to Svalbard during July and August. With the lack of hotels in the islands, visitors wishing to stay there for some time must bring along all necessary equipment if they have not made arrangements in advance with one of the mining companies.

Because of its high arctic nature and extremely interesting geological formations, Svalbard is visited every year by scientific expeditions from many countries. The Norwegian research work in

Svalbard has been carried out continuously since 1906. This work is now performed by Norsk Polarinstitutt (The Norwegian Polar Institute) in Oslo and includes mapping and sounding as well as geological, palaeontological, and glaciological work, etc. The scientific results are published in two series: The Norwegian Polar Institute's *Skrifter* and *Meddelelser*.

Meteorological stations are now in operation at Isfjord Radio, on Bear Island, and on Hope Island, and radio beacons and lights have been erected at Bellsund, Isfjorden, and Kongsfjorden to aid navigation to and from the loading places for coal. At Isfjord Radio radar service may also be obtained on demand.

In the summer traffic on Isfjorden and Kongsfjorden is rather lively. Every day coal steamers appear in the distance and enter the fjords, while others leave streaks of black smoke behind them when they, deep with coal, disappear below the horizon.

When winter approaches, the birds migrate to the south or out to the open sea, and silence descends on the bird rocks. But in the remote valleys reindeer and musk-oxen are jogging along with a thick layer of fat underneath their hide to help keep them from starvation during the winter. Only a few trappers are wandering along the coasts, and in the mining towns, whose lights shine out into the polar night, everyone is occupied with his own tasks. Not until the first steamers arrive in early spring does one experience a feeling of uneasiness and a longing for home. But the Arctic never lets one go; miners and hunters may leave Svalbard, but in most cases they will in time return to the coal mines or the traps in Norway's arctic islands.

*Dr. Anders K. Orvin is a Norwegian geologist who has spent several summers in Svalbard. He is now Associate Director of the Norwegian Polar Institute in Oslo.*

## THE CHARCOAL TENDER

BY DAN ANDERSSON

*Translated from the Swedish by Caroline Schleef*

Patient, manful waking,  
cherished sleep forsaking,  
I watch my coal all night.  
Tired hands and sinewy,  
stir the firebrands wearily,  
and crackingly and glowingly  
the fiery flames move flowingly  
and give the copses light.

Smoke compresses chokingly,  
vapor rises weavily,  
hot and strong and rank.  
Charcoal's cooling clinkingly,  
snappingly and ringingly  
in heaping trenches, threatening,  
'neath frozen pines, a-towering  
o'er ash-besprinkled bank.

Long are hours in loneliness,  
deep in forest wilderness,  
miles from folk who pass.  
Foxes hunt so stealthily,  
victims whimper plaintively,  
like hunger-cries from forests,  
from pastures and from clearings,  
and frozen moorland grass.

Flames go leaping glowingly,  
move in billows warmingly  
toward my manly breast.  
Flick'ring flames are playfully  
sending kisses lovingly,  
warmth for one who's freezing,  
joyous glow, delighting  
eyes that need to rest.

Soon the dawn is breaking,  
ogres then go chasing  
down to Hanga vale.  
Hushed the junipers down there,  
there within some stony lair,  
trolls will find a harborage  
in deeply hidden passages  
near never trodden trail.

# THE LIMBO WORLD OF PÄR LAGERKVIST

BY ROBERT DONALD SPECTOR

ONLY a few works by Pär Lagerkvist, Swedish winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1951, have been translated into English. However, *The Eternal Smile*, a collection of short stories;<sup>1</sup> *The Dwarf*, a short novel of the Renaissance; *Barabbas*, a story whose theme is the Crucifixion; and three plays,<sup>2</sup> present us with a complete vision of Lagerkvist's tragic view of the world. It is a world of darkness, evil, and deformity. It is a world of fear, frustration, and chaos. But it is also a world of hope.

"It is the measure of Lagerkvist's success," André Gide has told us, "that he has managed so admirably to maintain his balance on a tightrope which stretches between the world of reality and the world of faith." In his introduction to *The Eternal Smile*, Richard B. Vowles notes that, "Lagerkvist is a very dwelling place of dualisms, of contending opposites: darkness and light, good and evil, the cosmic and familiar, life and death, comfort and despair. . . ." Actually, this struggle, this dualism, is reflected in Lagerkvist's style; a style that has forced critics to create such terms as "choral fiction" to describe "The Eternal Smile" and "stage oratorium" to designate *Let Man Live*.

<sup>1</sup> An edition of the *Guest of Reality*, which included "The Eternal Smile" and "The Hangman," was published in translation in England (Jonathan Cape, 1936). These three stories are among those published in *The Eternal Smile* (Random House, N.Y., 1954). Three other stories included in this American edition ("Father and I," "The Marriage Feast," and "The Wave of Osiris") appeared previously in American periodicals.

<sup>2</sup> *The Man Without a Soul* and *Let Man Live* are included in *Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century*, first and third series (Princeton, 1944, 1951); *Midsummer Dream in the Workhouse* (Wm. Hodge, London, 1953).

Pär Lagerkvist recognizes the incredible harshness of reality. Its staggering effects are played down by the author through the implementation of fantasy. Is the constant presence of evil in the universe too shocking a concept? Very well, then, Lagerkvist describes it in terms of a limbo world as in the title story of *The Eternal Smile* and in the short morality play, *Let Man Live*, with its barren staging (a device used for the same purpose by Thornton Wilder in *Our Town*); or he has it conveyed to us in the essentially ridiculous figure of *The Dwarf*, who is his own corrupt spokesman; or he presents in Swiftian terms the horrors of men's wars in the minute scale of a children's army in "The Children's Campaign."

Is the unmasked truth too ugly for us? Lagerkvist hides it in the ramblings of the Messiah madness of "Saviour John." He can make a rather bawdy joke of it in "The Lift That Went Down into Hell," as two adulterous lovers descend into a brothel in Hell, where their escapade is interrupted by a bellhop, who is the soul of the lady's suicide husband. In the *Midsummer Dream in the Workhouse* he uses a dream-fantasy throughout the entire second act to convey the ugly, naturalistic plot of the drama.

At no time, however, is Lagerkvist afraid to deal with evil. He is a moralist. Evil is used by him for a purpose. He recognizes it, understands it, and is able to evaluate it. His concept is not far removed from Blake's. If there is the Crucifixion of Christ, there must also be the crucifixion of Barabbas. If Christ is all for humanity, Barabbas is separateness itself. If the seekers after eternal truth find it in their own individualities in "The Eternal Smile," and are then

dissatisfied with it, they are to find it in their sense of group identity as well, and be just as dissatisfied with that. Through the *persona* of *The Dwarf* Lagerkvist tells us why: "Everything is but an attempt at something which can never be realized. All human culture is but an attempt, something quite impracticable." There is an inescapable duality in the world. But good and evil, for Lagerkvist, both give impetus to man's infinite possibility.

It is such an attitude, Alrik Gustafson tells us in one of his introductions to *Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century*, that brings Lagerkvist to the view that "man should not be so eager to judge man, and that in his eagerness he frequently, if not always, commits evil by distorting the very processes of truth and justice. . . ."

Both the big spirit and the big mind in *Let Man Live* illustrate this very point in their statements about their martyrdom. First it is Socrates who declares: "Men have judged me. And so the judgment is quite imperfect. Men themselves are imperfect, so it is not surprising if their judgments are imperfect too."

Then Christ with supreme charity declares to his oppressors:

"I cannot accuse you, can I? . . . And I cannot accuse God, for of course He meant well when He sent me to you; He hoped that my coming would help you. If it has not helped, neither He nor I am responsible. We have both done our best."

"The question is whether you too have done your best. . . . It is quite true that you have behaved dreadfully. . . . But what chances had you to avoid that, how could you fulfill your high destiny and be quite different? One must know that before one can rightly judge your actions. Nor must one forget how much you have done that was good and beautiful, how much that shows you to be

not entirely evil but makes up to some extent for your evil deeds. . . ."

The form of the play may be fantasy, but the point of view is straight common sense.

Although Lagerkvist uses fantasy to make palatable what would be the appalling bitterness of reality, he also employs it to gain a far greater dramatic effect than a naturalistic treatment of the subject would allow. For example, in "The Masquerade of Souls," a short story of two lovers idealized out of all reality and cast in the form of what amounts to a saint's legend, Lagerkvist creates a mood and sense of abstraction compatible with the subject matter. The two lovers have lived totally apart from actuality. The reader has forgotten that there is a world other than theirs. But after the woman has died and the man has mourned and longed for her beyond endurance, he goes forth to a lonely spot, having poisoned himself, to die beneath a "somewhat misty sky," and Lagerkvist—with the end of the man's existence—shatters all illusion in regarding the hero's death:

"Felt the poison beginning to work, to deaden him, as he thought it would. Still heard the clocks strike—one, half past one—as they measured out the time in a strange, far-off world. . . . Then he just went numb. His head sank a little to one side and he grew quite still. No longer existed."

"A passing dog nosed his sock, lifted his leg and peed on him."

In the brief tale, "A Hero's Death," Lagerkvist uses a similar technique. The story itself, written in 1924, in essence, is Shirley Jackson's much later tale of "The Lottery." The bizarre subject here provides for the fantasy. Here is a man paid by a township to plunge to his death from a church spire to provide for the amusement of the populace. Lagerkvist intersperses his reality throughout this tale without waiting for a final impact, although he succeeds in that as

well. When the man is asked, in effect, why he is performing the feat, he explains that, "one does anything for money," as damning a statement of contemporary morality as can be found in literature. The final passage of the story sums up our bludgeoned sensibilities, our rationalizations, our irresponsibility, as Lagerkvist describes the ultimate reaction of the crowd:

"And the man fell; it was soon over. The people shuddered, then got up to go home. In a way they felt a certain disappointment. It had been splendid, but . . . He had only fallen and killed himself after all. It was a lot of money to pay for something that was so simple. Of course he had been frightfully mutilated, but what was the good of that? A promising young man sacrificed in that way. People went home disgruntled; the women put up their sunshades. No, awful things like that really ought to be forbidden. What pleasure did it give anyone? On second thought the whole thing was disgraceful."

Neither reality nor fantasy has to be acrid in Lagerkvist's dual world, however. In "The Masquerade of Souls" the love story itself is compassionate and tender. The heroine's physical deformity does not detract from her. Indeed, it makes her even more attractive to the hero as he then concentrates on her soul.

In fact, physical deformity does not ever horrify Lagerkvist. There is a certain deformity in all mankind. If it does not present itself in externalized form, then we may look for it in the soul. After all, in a world where good and evil are not separate entities, it would be unreasonable to expect the microcosms to be otherwise.

The true deformity of the Dwarf is not in the hero's size but in his warped mind. At the same time, the Prince in that story, who is perfectly normal in stature is completely deformed in spirit. Contrariwise, the blind beggar in *The*

*Man Without a Soul* has used his blindness to see the light.

In the story, "The Basement," Lindgren, with his withered legs, represents a contentment in his way of life that none of his neighbors is able to duplicate. The narrator, leaving Lindgren's flat, looks back at the apartment house itself and comments:

"The whole house was in darkness now. Even the first floor where the chandeliers had blazed just now. It could not have been a real party if it was already over. The old man's lamp was the only one burning; it lighted me nearly all the way home."

In very much the same way, it is Blind Jonas, in the *Midsummer Dream in the Workhouse*, who of all the inmates "sees" the best; and when his companions chide him by seeing and saying what they believe is reality, he tells them that it is they who do not see. Lagerkvist puts deformity in its proper perspective.

Perspective, actually, is what Lagerkvist seeks throughout his work. There is the struggle for faith repeatedly in *The Man Without a Soul*; and Barabbas certainly speaks for the author when he answers the Roman governor, who asks him why he wears the insignia of Christ if he does not believe, by saying, "I want to believe."

It is questionable if Gide is right in his suggestion that the closing lines of *Barabbas*—"When he felt death approaching, that which he had always been so afraid of, he said out into the darkness, as though he were appealing to it:—To thee I deliver up my soul."—represent the Galilean's finally conquering Barabbas. Barabbas can come to no belief. Although Gide concentrates on the phrase "as though," Lagerkvist is intent on "the darkness."

Lagerkvist cannot peer into the darkness. Like Barabbas, what he cannot see, he cannot fully accept. This does not prevent him from seeking, nor does

it deter him from hoping. However, his ultimate faith must lie in mankind and in humanity. He tells us that quite clearly in "The Eternal Smile": "I acknowledge you, dear life, as the one thing conceivable among all that is inconceivable." With such a statement only one philosophy can be in accord—that indicated by the title of *Let Man Live*, and the concluding lines of the play repeat the expression again and again.

The mind of Pär Lagerkvist is a classical mind. There is a classical skepticism lurking there. What he cannot perceive through reason, he cannot accept. Despite the guise of fantasy, his style is direct and simple—it represents a classical probing. Fantasy does not represent for him an escape. Instead it provides a tool for examining a subject the intensity of which would stimulate madness. For his sanity and ours, the author uses the instrument of fantasy.

Lagerkvist is, as Mr. Vowles tells us, in his fantasy, "seriously, solemnly moral."

When I wrote earlier of Lagerkvist's tragic view, I meant to specify tragedy in those terms that have been applied to drama. Lagerkvist is tragic in the sense that Shakespeare is and Shaw is not. Tragedy holds that man is important, a noble figure, and that what happens to man really does matter.

Lagerkvist's concern is never with the individual man. It is with mankind. In the closing lines of *The Man Without a Soul*, he tells us: ". . . one death, and one life. It's often like that. . . . And still it is life that is victorious, so that it can go on. We must do our best—so that it may go on." The "Evil" Man of that play, like Barabbas, is longing for the answer. The searching, the groping—this represents existence for Lagerkvist, and he could never say that the struggle naught availeth.

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A SCENE FROM HARALD LANDER'S BALLET "QUARRTSILUNI", WHICH IS BASED ON AN OLD GREENLAND LEGEND AND FEATURES THE EVOCATIVE MUSIC OF KNUDÅGE RIISAGER

## THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET

BY POUL LINNEBALLE

*Reprinted from the Danish Foreign Office Journal*

**N**OWADAYS it is a foregone conclusion that Danes will flock to the theater when an all-ballet program is being presented. In the past the Terpsichorean art was looked upon as an incidental feature of operas or spectacular play productions. No one ever thought of classing it with the other theater arts. That was the position from the day the Royal Theater opened down to almost our own time. Which is saying a good deal, because the Danish national theater, with more than 200 years of history behind it, is contemporary with the oldest of the celebrated playhouses of Europe.

One of the main reasons for the revised attitude to the dance is, of course,

the higher standing accorded to ballet generally in recent decades. It is safe to say that there has been a veritable renaissance of mimed drama during the past few generations.

Efforts to assign the credit for this development quickly narrow down to the Russians. It was *Les Ballet Russes*—Diaghilev's émigré corps in Paris, in the early years of this century—which originated the balletomania of today. And it was the greatest Russian master, Michael Fokine, who really taught the Danes the meaning of *modern* ballet. With his stimulating personality Fokine tremendously influenced the Danish dancers of his day and several of the younger ones made their names in



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MONA VANGSAA AND FRANK SCHAUFUSS IN BIRGER BARTHOLIN'S VERSION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET", SET TO TSCHAIKOWSKY'S MUSIC

works which he directed, notably Elna Lassen, a dancer of unforgettable charm and grace, whose brilliant career terminated five years later when she took her own life.

The next outstanding Russian choreographer to give important new stimulus to the Danish ballet was George Balanchine, in guest performances at the Royal Theater in 1930. The pundits were enthusiastic, and, though on the whole the unfamiliar style evoked criticism, the inspiration was lasting.

One artist by his work in the following twenty years gave Danish ballet a status which it had never, perhaps, en-

joyed before. This was Harald Lander, the latest link in a chain of great directors extending from Galeotti in the eighteenth century and August Bournonville in the nineteenth through Hans Beck. But where Beck had been the zealous guardian of tradition, Lander was fired to *renew* the repertory. Still young when appointed *maitre de ballet* in 1932, he had not wasted his time and on foreign study tours had been roused to enthusiasm by the characteristic folk dances of Mexico, Russia, and Spain. His choreographic skill culminated in two such varied works as the Greenland fantasy *Quarrtsiluni* (1942),

to music by Knudåge Riisager, and the extraordinarily inventive *Etude* (1948), based on the essential ballet-school exercises, which are built up brilliantly to a whirling *crescendo*. The musical foundation is Czerny's famous pianoforte studies, adapted by Riisager.

But while bent on demonstrating his own ability and determination, Lander nevertheless appreciated the urgent need of also providing his corps with foreign teachers—and of preserving the national continuity. This last is synonymous with Bournonville's style and school (derived in its turn from the classical French school). Valborg Borchsenius, herself a dancer of the first rank, wrote down some of the more vigorous of the ballets which had previously been handed down from performer to performer and, as a teacher at the ballet school, passed on her detailed knowledge to coming generations. Part of the value of foreign directors lies in their ability to pick out new faces in the corps or to reveal fresh facets in the talent of recognized artists. This was proved when Leonide Massine came to Denmark in 1948 and Mona Vangsaæ achieved success.

Nini Theilade, herself half-Danish, has enriched the repertory with some valuable works. She introduced the Danes to the "symphonic ballet." This has been criticized, but there is no denying that it is suited to "pure" dancing and, in spite of objections by musicians, it must be said that a famous symphony (or similar composition) is a better basis for dancing than the often rather haphazard strung-together accompanying music which earlier choreographers put up with.

Harald Lander also wielded great influence as a trainer of the corps. The all-round quality which he imparted to it has won for it a special place among European companies, which usually



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ERIK BRUHN

have their strength either in the soloists or in the *corps de ballet*. Margot Lander's name will be remembered because she succeeded in mastering to perfection not only technique but also the most diverse mental moods, including that rare thing in dancing—wit. Her farewell performances in 1950 were unparalleled—also because King Frederik IX thanked the *prima ballerina* in a speech which he made from the royal box. Beside her stood the principal male dancer, Børge Ralov, who, still active, has likewise made his mark as a choreographer, with works which include *Enken i Spejlet* ("The Widow in the Mirror") and, most recently, *Kurtisanen* ("The Courtesan"), 1953.

Harald Lander's name will go down in the annals of the ballet with the greatest. His qualities of leadership were undeniable, though (as almost inevitably in such a post) he had in him a little of the autocrat. It was something of an achievement to gain a footing in the



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GERDA KARSTENS AND OLE PALLE HANSEN IN GALEOTTI'S DELIGHTFUL DIVERTISSEMENT "CUPID AND THE WHIMS OF THE BALLET MASTER"

great Paris Opéra, Lander's present sphere.

Lander has been succeeded as *máître de ballet* by Niels Bjørn Larsen, solo dancer and ballet producer. As a dancer he had a reputation for gifted portrayals of grotesque and villainous characters and had also shown skill as a choreographer in works like *Den dethronerede Dyretæmmer* ("The Dethroned Animal Tamer"), a veiled political ballet performed during the German occupation, when Lander's *Troldmandens Lærling* ("The Sorcerer's Apprentice") and *Vaaren* ("Spring") also had topical allusions.

Nor did this artist, who had been trained in the modern school of Trudi Schoop, lack appreciation for Bournonville as the central pillar of Danish ballet. When, following guest perform-

ances by the full company at the Stockholm Opera under his leadership, Larsen took the corps to victory at Covent Garden in the summer of 1953, one of the chief reasons for their success was the fact that Bournonville occupied pride of place in the program. Two works by able young members of the company have been produced during Larsen's term of office: Frank Schaufuss' symbolic *Idolon*, to music by Tschaikowsky, and Erik Bruhn's abstract, "pure" ballet, *Concertette*, a result of experience which this truly outstanding dancer had gained on study tours in the United States (where he also had a part in the controversial film about Hans Christian Andersen).

The fine elegy *Variations* (to Tschaikowsky's A minor trio) was taken over from the international repertoire, but



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A SCENE FROM THE DANISH DOCUMENTARY FILM "BALLET GIRL", WHICH WON PRIZES AT THE VENICE AND EDINBURGH FESTIVALS

the most successful international ballet has been the gay if not very original *Graduation Ball*, directed by David Lichine himself.

A ballet company gets its character to a very large extent from its female dancers. The Royal Danish Ballet at present has five excellent ballerinas. Margrethe Schanne, Mona Vangsa, and Kirsten Ralov are strongest in serious parts, the first-named being notable for her expressiveness, especially in the parts of *Giselle* and *Sylphide*, while Inge Sand has proved a fine successor to Margot Lander in her star role of *Coppelia*, and Gerda Karstens has made a speciality of miming, in which she is unrivaled and for which, indeed, she has earned the plaudits of international critics.

More surprising, perhaps, by interna-

tional standards are the gifted male dancers in the Royal Ballet. These very virile soloists include, besides the older Børge Ralov and Svend Erik Jensen, Frank Schaufuss, Fredbjørn Bjørnsson, Stanley Williams, and, last and first, Erik Bruhn, who was called during the London performances one of the world's best living *danseurs sérieux*.

Supporting them is a corps of whom quite a number have already given promise of a future for themselves and the ballet they are proud to belong to.

The Royal Danish Ballet is increasingly in the international spotlight. It has learnt a lot from and in other countries, but it has for all that a firmly laid foundation in a time-honored national tradition. In its visit to Covent Garden in 1953 it forced one of the great strongholds, the center of critical balletto-

mania. As truly as the ballet has splendidly helped to maintain Denmark's position among nations of culture, Danes wish it the best of success in its

efforts to show the flag outside the house that is its birthplace, its workshop, and its home—the Royal Theater in Copenhagen.

*Poul Linneballe is a Danish author who has written extensively on the literature and the arts of Denmark.*

## WORTH THE TROUBLE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

**H**ER mouth was flannel, and the pail was lead,  
The blueberries were an endless stupid blue,  
In her hot head her thoughts went round and round  
The way the random restless pismires do.

She tasted still the spice-bug she had bitten  
On a blueberry all of an hour ago.  
It must be four o'clock. They needed rain.  
For her day's work she'd have five pies to show.

A veery deep in the maples sang the same  
Love song over, sang ventriloquist.  
They needed rain. She could shut off the song  
If she could give the feathery throat a twist.

Everything was always as it would be:  
Blueberries would come small and wells go dry;  
The sole exciting thing in the last hour  
Was a gold spider drinking a green fly.

She stood up to go, and there beside her,  
Almost touching her old faded dress,  
Was a slender fawn, all eyes and ears,  
All restless silence of the wilderness.

She stood, and he stood in a friendly calm  
Two breaths, then he melted like a bubble.  
Lord! it was good picking blue Summer pies!  
Days and years of work were worth the trouble.

## TWO BIG SHOTS

A SHORT STORY

BY GUÐMUNDUR G. HAGALIN

*Translated from the Icelandic by Mekkin S. Perkins*

PÁLL BJÖRNSSON stood on the front stoop of the great tall house he had built the very year most people fared badly because the herring failed to run.

"I don't make my living off the herring. I make my living off the cod, both the fish in the sea and the 'poor fish' on land," Páll said, with a coarse and hearty laugh, when one of his colleagues expressed astonishment at his ability to engage in such an unprofitable undertaking in hard and parlous times.

The front stoop on which Páll Björnsson stood was by far the highest in all Álftavík—and for that matter, the highest to be found anywhere.

Looking out over the bay, Páll swore loudly. He did not care even if someone should hear him swear. If he so desired he could satisfy all needs of soul and body in broad daylight right on the main street, in fact, the only street, of the village. Not only that, he could in this get the support of the sheriff, the police authority so-called, in so far as that insignificant person was capable of giving support.

There were few living creatures abroad at the moment. A gray-bearded, sallow-complexioned old man sat by a rickety, tumble-down shack, peering with cataract-blinded eyes at the sun and imagining that he saw it, for the warmth of its rays recalled to his imagination a clear and life-like image of it. A small boy, of some five years, in a large crumpled man's hat, chased a dark-haired, bare-headed girl of his own age who howled and shrieked and waved her arms as the boy threatened to strike

her with half a dried wolf-fish head from which the flesh had been removed. In this game of husband and wife, the boy kept shouting:

"Now I'm drunk—and now you'll get it! There is no man any better than I."

A pale-faced fat woman, with flabby flesh, chins rippling down on her bosom, hair faded and unkempt and arms bare, came out of an old weathered, leaky shed. Carrying a box of firewood, she staggered into a turf hut with sagging walls and cracked roof on which the sod had turned yellow. In the middle of the road stood a rooster, shaking its head from side to side so that its pink comb flopped back and forth. The showy bird kept blinking its eyes, for no apparent reason.

Not one of these creatures took any notice of Páll Björnsson as he stood on his high stoop. The villagers were accustomed to the fact that he always had his own way whether he smiled at them or swore. They had nothing to say about it. Nor could they do anything about it. The rooster did not fear him, that is, unless he was accompanied by a certain great shaggy brown dog with hanging jowls and huge ears, a dog that had the right to chase any living creature in Álftavík practically at will.

Páll Björnsson swore, for he was in a very bad humor. And no wonder! Nine boatloads of fish—no more, no less—lay at the beach in the broiling sun and the salt to cure them had not been delivered, the salt he had been obliged to send for to Tangi. "Do you suppose the damned men got drunk and forgot the salt, or what?" Páll asked himself.

He would certainly scold that Jónatan when he finally showed up.

But see! At that instant the boat with the salt came around the point. He must send Órnólfur to weigh the salt, Páll decided. Opening the door, he called:

"Vigga! Vigga! Run over to the office at once and tell Órnólfur to go to the packing house and weigh the salt."

No answer.

"What the devil? Vigga! Vigga! Where is that rascal?"

In reply to his call, a pale, slender woman with dark melancholy eyes came into the hallway.

"Vigga is not at home," she announced.

"Not at home! Where did she go?"

"Steina is at home," the woman said.

"Where did Vigdís go?"

"Steina can run the errand for you."

"I myself can do it, my good woman," Páll said. "Steina is probably too busy working on some bit of fancy-work and it will take her at least half an hour to get ready for that great journey to the office. I myself can go, my dear."

The woman made no answer. Páll Björnsson slammed the door, turned around and walked over to the edge of the stoop. Letting his right foot gently down, he groped around for the step below. When the toe of his shoe touched it, he gingerly brought his whole foot down as if he were not quite sure the step would hold him. In the same manner he brought his left foot down after the right one.

"Uff!" he said, puffing. He held his arms out from his body and turned blue in the face. "What a hellish contrivance, these steps!" He stopped for a second, then with great difficulty he hobbled down the whole flight, at each step bringing one foot down and the other after it, until he reached the street. For a moment he stood there, panting. Then he waddled off. His face had turned red; his gray eyes peered

with hatred from beneath frowning, bushy eyebrows. Yes, such hellish steps! Páll Björnsson pushed his stiff hat to the back of his head, allowing a lock of coarse gray hair to dangle down on his forehead. Then, waving his arms, he moved forward with a rowing motion. He wheezed, puffed, and cleared his throat.

Even if there had not existed the relationship Fate had decreed between them and Páll Björnsson, most of the villagers would have stepped aside to let him pass, although not for the reason that they would have made way for an automobile swerving crazily from side to side in the hands of a drunken driver, but because of the impotence they felt before this mighty creature who, they more or less clearly understood, was governed by the powers above.

The human beings who saw Páll Björnsson coming, as well as those who merely became aware of his presence, all grew uneasy. The children stopped their husband-and-wife game abruptly. Terrified and hesitant, they rushed to take shelter behind the woodshed. There they stood, all out of breath, peering with bewildered, frightened eyes into the uncomfortably big strange world that was so likely to have a surprise in store for them the very moment they felt secure. The old man sitting by the tumble-down shack heard the puffing and panting of the great one, and hunching up his shoulders, shook as if with a chill. He thought a wind had come up and it was getting much colder. So he decided to go inside soon, that is, when Páll Björnsson was well out of the way. The fleshy woman in the turf hut snatched a little two-year-old boy away from the window where he was contentedly amusing himself by flattening his nose against the cool glass of the pane. She tossed him down on the bed, where, in his surprise, he sat still for a moment, eyes staring and

mouth open. Then squeezing his eyes tightly shut, he opened his mouth so wide that one could see far down his gullet and howled with all his might.

Not only were the human beings who saw and heard Páll Björnsson shocked. Even the animals were disturbed. The handsome stately rooster that had been standing there blinking its eyes now stretched out its neck, put its head down to the ground and fled to the homefield. This was the magnificent bird that Jósafat, the shoemaker and wag of Álftavík, only a few days before had compared to a knightly falcon of old because of the splendor of its plumage and the dignity of its demeanor.

The distance between Páll Björnsson's residence and his office, which was located in the same building as his store, was not great. But before he had slowly waddled that short distance Páll Björnsson met a certain well-known inhabitant of the village. This creature came mincing along, stepping calmly but firmly, bobbing its head up and down at every step so that its splendid, stiff whiskers shook with a regular rhythm. All the while it mumbled slowly as if lost in consideration of some knotty problem. There was a reddish, fluttering gleam to its eyes. Its glance was vigilant, and about it was a certain air of defiant contempt like that of one who has some self-respect and feels he has been the victim of unmerited injustice and hence seeks to get even with the world. The creature in question was a gray-spotted, flaxen-haired goat. Its horns were so large that it was not surprising that it felt equal to meeting a wicked world with composure and a spirit of independence.

These two greatest creatures made by the Lord in that part of the world, Páll and the goat, stopped abruptly. They stood stock still about a fathom apart and glared at each other. But only for a moment. The two-legged one at once began looking around for an avenue of

escape. But there was none. Even if there had been one, he was none too fleet of foot. His face twitched. He bent forward, looking old and helpless. He had come face to face with the only creature he feared in all Álftavík, a three-year-old hellish, vicious billygoat belonging to Jón of Árbær—a goat that was forbidden to be at large. And this had happened at a time when Hektor, his big brown dog, was nowhere near.

The goat stood stock still, flared its nostrils, pricked up its ears and stared with reddish-yellow eyes full of hatred and contempt at this enormous and exasperating representative of its worst enemies who kept it tied up in a wretched dingy shed when the world outside was bright with sunshine and the fragrance of the growing grass crept in through every crack, kindling a burning fever in veins and sinews.

The goat did not wait long before attacking. It had escaped from its prison. On its way into the battlefield of the world it had encountered only one living creature, a small bitch who, at sight of it, took to her heels and in terror jumped through an open window from which a strong odor of food came. As it watched the dog disappear, the goat sucked in the smell of the food and shook its head to show its great disdain. It went on its way down the street—more than ever in need of some sort of satisfaction—and then right before it stood what it had been looking for.

The goat hopped up and down and shook its pointed horns so that they shone in the late afternoon sunshine. It came down lightly on its feet, rose up on its hind legs, lowered its head and went to the attack.

Stiff and unwieldy though he was, Páll Björnsson somehow managed to glide quickly aside and the blow struck him on the thigh. Spinning half way around, he gave an angry yell, waved his arms in the air and fell backwards into the gutter.

The gutter was somewhat lower than the level of the street and Páll's feet waved in the air, while the back of his head struck the ground. His hat fell off his head and spun like a top on its stiff crown, the sun's rays shimmering on the elegant white silk lining inside. The goat, meanwhile, stood on the edge of the gutter, contemplating the results of its victory, licking its chops and mumbling contentedly. When Páll's feet again touched the ground and his toes were right in front of the goat's eyes, the goat calmly sniffed the shoe on his left foot as if it were endeavoring to ascertain what kind of shoe polish the great man used. Raising its head very slowly, it then stuck out its muzzle and turned up its nose with extraordinary calmness as if it need consider only its own olfactory perceptions.

The fallen enemy of this oft imprisoned and oppressed goat now put his hands behind his back and struggled to his feet. Once again they glared at each other—these two big shots—the goat with the poise of one who has obeyed a strong and compelling instinct and is quite satisfied with the outcome; Páll with the air of a man who has had law-abiding citizens as patient and obedient followers and then abruptly and in the most humiliating manner is forced to yield to a disreputable, outlawed goat.

There was no one in the street except the goat. For the moment it was master of the situation. The woman in the turf hut stood at the window, her face distorted with laughter. The old man by the tumble-down shack trembled with fear, intuitively feeling that something unusual, something dreadful, had happened, but not knowing what. True, he had heard heavy breathing, thumps and groans that had something to do with the merchant, Páll Björnsson, but the goat had not bleated even once to betray its presence.

Suddenly the pale-faced woman came

out on the stoop of the merchant's house. Bending slightly forward, she stood stock still and stared. Can we wonder that she found it difficult to believe the testimony of her own eyes?

But she soon sized up the situation. She had taken the vows of matrimony with Páll Björnsson at the holy altar. She had lived with him for thirty-two years and had given him as many children as the Lord had willed. She had watched him grow in girth and power until he overshadowed everything and everybody in the village. And now! See what had happened! When she was certain that what she saw was the unadulterated reality, she screamed, rushed to the door, tore it open and, in terror, called:

"Hektor! Hektor!"

In response to her call, an immense brown dog came rushing out through the door. With flaring nostrils and wide open eyes, he leaped down the steps and in silence rushed into the street.

But the goat from Árbar had good ears. Abruptly it turned around. When it saw the big brown monster come running with head thrust forward, sharp white teeth bared and red jaws dripping, it jumped up and immediately went to the attack as if this were the opportunity it had been waiting for so that it could get an even greater vengeance on the world.

The dog, however, had given its muscles a training quite different from that of its master's. It threw itself lightly to one side and jumped at the goat, which had fallen to its knees as it missed the mark. But the goat was so light on its feet that, in the very act of getting up, it curled into a heap. The dog leaped over it and tumbled head over heels. Quick as lightning, with the impetuosity of a creature whose one aim is to do as much harm as possible, the goat turned its head and drove its horns into the back of the great brown devil. A scream of hatred and pain rent the air and the

dog Hektor bit the hardened clay of the road.

Now a new danger threatened that big shot, the goat of Arbær. Just as it was about to get to its feet again, a weight of 130 kilos suddenly came down upon its back, pinning it to the ground. Páll Björnsson sat astride it. Holding that son of Belial tightly between his legs, he seized its horns, one in each hand, and with a smile of triumph on his sweaty, grimy, red face, he looked up at his wife and daughter, who now stood in the sunshine on the high stoop, pale and shaken.

"What a murderous fiend!" Páll called, grimacing. He looked from the goat to his wife and daughter. Then in the friendly tone of one who has at last come off victor and can well afford to be gracious, he said:

"Steina, Steina, go at once and fetch the sheriff."

Steina, a young blonde in a thin white dress which showed off her well rounded bosom and curved hips as she tripped along against the sea breeze, ran down the street. Her white dress and blond hair shone in the sunshine until she disappeared around a bend.

Now all was quiet on the field of combat. The great brown dog squatted on its haunches, with mouth open, looking back once in a while and whining as any weakling would. The merchant, its master, sat impatiently and importantly astride the goat, holding it down by sheer force of weight and strength until it completely gave up the struggle. The merchant's wife stood on the stoop, hands half-raised as though about to offer up a prayer. It was as if she expected the goat at any moment to take off with its burden and that she might never see them again.

Steina soon came running back, followed by a small, middle-aged man in a gray vest and striped shirt, with an official cap on his head. This man was Kristinn, the carpenter, who at the same

time served as sheriff of Álftavík. Panting, Steina had rushed into his home where he sat drinking his afternoon coffee, and had stammered:

"Pa-pa-papa asks you, the sheriff, to come quick-quickly."

Then she was gone.

The sheriff was jarred out of his habitual neglect of official duty. Upon seeing the excitement of the messenger—"you, the sheriff," the girl had said—and realizing the great power of the man who sent the message, he seized the official cap he had worn only when he had to meet the Norwegian whalers years before, and rushed off, still chewing on a piece of bread.

He quickly reached the scene of combat. Once there, he stopped as if he had come up against a stone wall. His gray eyes looked out from beneath the visor of his official cap, obviously without comprehending what they saw.

He was abruptly awakened from this state of incomprehension and bewilderment.

"Why are you standing there, you devil?" Páll Björnsson called in his briskest tone. "Are you going to let me sit here all day holding down this hellish goat? Come and take it and try to lock it up somewhere."

The officer of the law, in his shirt sleeves, but wearing the official cap on his head, at once walked up to the two big shots, the vanquished and him who could now wave high the palm of victory. With his two strong carpenter's hands, he seized the goat by the horns and said haughtily, yet with some hesitation:

"All right then. Had you not better let go of it?"

At these words, Páll Björnsson jumped down off the goat's back and wiped the sweat from his face on his sleeve, all the while keeping an eye on the goat.

But the sheriff had no reason to hesitate. The poor goat was so exhausted that it needed considerable urging to

get to its feet. Then it tottered off beside the sheriff like any other obedient creature. There obviously were living beings in Alftavík who could not endure being sat on by Páll Björnsson without showing ill effects. The woman on the stoop thanked the good and merciful Father in Heaven for that.

The villagers who had taken the boat to Tangi that day, either for pleasure or on business, were coming up the wharf at Alftavík on their way home when they saw a man in his shirt sleeves, with an official cap on his head, leading a tottering gray-spotted goat down the street, a goat that was not able to make use of its great horns.

They all stopped to stare. What had been going on here? The hellish goat from Árbær and the sheriff. And the sheriff with such an air of importance, wearing his official cap but still in his shirt sleeves. No one said a word. Gadabout Sigga at once regretted not having stayed at home, even though she had seen much and picked up some choice bits of gossip on the trip.

A puny lad who had followed the sheriff and the goat, in fact, had been the only boy in the village to see the whole affair from start to finish and considered himself lucky, noted the amazement on the faces of the people and knew what was expected of him. Pointing to the goat, he said in a serious, controlled tone of voice:

"It rose up on its hind legs and attacked Páll, threw him right down in the gutter; then Steina fetched the sheriff and now it is to be locked up—that goat."

The people turned and looked at one another, the expression on every face grave. Sighing, old Gadabout Sigga shook her head in bitter self-accusation at having missed the excitement. Jósafat, the shoemaker and village wag, stood there with a roll of leather under one arm. Sigga looked askance at him to see what he thought of all this. Like everyone else, he was serious. Naturally! No one had ever heard that he pretended to be so great as to try to oppose Páll Björnsson. It was just that he was always joking and gossiping, poor old man. But it was fun to hear him, at times. Now he suddenly raised his arm, the free one. "Just a minute!" he said.

Instantly all eyes were turned on him.

"Behold here great signs and portents!" he went on.

He was in earnest. Then a smile, his old smile, flitted over his face, but it was instantly gone. He still held up his hand. Then stretching to his full height, he said in a loud voice, one might even say he intoned:

"The human beings renounced their nature and accepted the halter and the yoke. But the beast rose up on its hind legs and assumed the role they should have played."

*Guðmundur Gíslason Hagalin is one of Iceland's foremost contemporary authors. He has written several volumes of short stories and a number of novels, the best known of which is Sturla i Vogum.*

## SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

A memorial to Niels Poulsen, the founder of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, was formally presented to the city of Horsens, Denmark, on July 3. The statue is a gift from recipients of Poulsen fellowships, or their widows, of the period 1910-20. It has been executed by the sculptor Gunnar Hammerich and is placed in Bygholm Park, near Mr. Poulsen's birthplace.

On May 26, it was 45 years since Ambassador Wilhelm Morgenstierne started his career in the Norwegian Foreign Service as attaché at the Norwegian mission in Washington, D.C. Altogether, he has spent more than 30 years in the American capital. Named Chief of Mission, with the rank of Minister, in 1934, he has served as Ambassador to U.S.A. since 1942.

Lennart Nylander, Swedish Consul General in New York for the last ten years, last spring was named Swedish Minister to Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, and El Salvador, with headquarters in Mexico City. Before coming to New York in December, 1945, Mr. Nylander served in the Swedish legations in Moscow and Berlin. In New York, he was president of the Swedish Seamen's Welfare Fund, Inc., and Seamen of Sweden, Inc. He has been succeeded as Consul General in New York by Erik Kronvall, foreign counselor and deputy chief of the legal department of the Foreign Office in Stockholm.

At the Golden Reel Film Festival, held in New York in early April by the American Film Assembly, the Danish documentary *The Compenius Organ at Frederiksborg Castle* won a "Recognition of Merit Certificate" in the cate-

gory of "Literary, Musical, and Theatrical Arts." Twenty American and foreign films were competing.

The New School for Social Research in New York is this fall offering a course in Old Norse Literature. The course, which is given by Mr. Sigurður A. Magnússon, will not only treat the Icelandic family sagas and Old Norse poetry, but will pay particular attention to the religious, social, and political background of this great literature. Mr. Magnússon, who is a free-lance writer and a UN radio commentator, also teaches Conversational Icelandic at The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Dr. F. Melius Christiansen, the founder and retired director of the St. Olaf Lutheran Choir, died in Northfield, Minnesota, on June 1 at the age of 84. Dr. Christiansen was born in Eidsvoll, Norway, and came to the U.S. in 1888. After graduation from Northwestern Seminary he continued his musical studies in Leipzig, Germany. In 1903 he became band director and head of the Music Department of St. Olaf College and later founded the St. Olaf Choir. Under his direction the choir came to excel in a cappella singing, and was always greatly acclaimed by music critics. It made two European tours, in 1913 and 1930. Dr. Christiansen was also a composer, both of choral and instrumental music; many of his compositions and arrangements for choir have attained wide popularity in the musical world. His last public appearance with the choir was in 1951 when he had already been succeeded by his son, Dr. Olaf C. Christiansen, as director of the choir.

The famous St. Olaf Lutheran Choir of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minne-

sota, toured Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and the Netherlands this summer. They gave no less than three very successful concerts in Oslo.

A replica of "The Little Mermaid" statue in Copenhagen was recently erected in the Danish section of the International Peace Garden in Salt Lake City. The dedication ceremonies took place on June 5, the Danish Constitution Day, at which Ambassador Henrik Kauffmann and Earl J. Glade, Mayor of Salt Lake City, spoke.

A nine-man crew from the Norwegian freighter *Lista* rowed to victory in the International Seamen's Lifeboat Race held in the Narrows off Brooklyn, N.Y., on May 24. The victory gave Norway its third successive triumph in this hard-fought merchant marine contest.

A transatlantic race to the Swedish west coast city of Marstrand, which started from Newport, Rhode Island, on June 11, was won by the 54-foot American yawl, *Carina*, owned and skippered by Richard S. Nye, of Greenwich, Connecticut, which crossed the finishing line on July 2, first of the seven participating yachts. She thereby captured both the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup for the first arrival and the King of Sweden Cup for fastest boat on corrected time. Second place was taken by the 56-foot West German yawl, *Kormoran*, which won the New York Yacht Club Cup for the first non-American boat. Third was the 57-foot Swedish-built yawl, *Circe*, with her owner, Carl Hovgaard, of Rye, New York, at the wheel. The distance was about 3,450 nautical miles, the route running north of the Orkney Islands. Adverse winds and heavy seas delayed the other four contestants by a matter of days.

Bror J. O. Nordfeldt, widely known American artist, died on April 21 in Henderson, Texas, at the age of 77. Born in Sweden, he came to America with his parents when he was thirteen years old. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute, and later spent three years in England and France. Returning to this country, Mr. Nordfeldt painted from coast to coast, becoming widely known also as a print maker. He was best known, however, for his vivid and vigorous marines, which depicted the rocky northern Pacific Coast and the island-studded shores of Maine. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and in many western institutions.

Adjoining Millesgården, Stockholm home of the sculptor Carl Milles, who became eighty years old on June 23, lies a plot which the artist for a long time has hoped he would be able to buy. He would call it "Little America," as a tribute to the country where he spent so many happy and fruitful years. In an appeal from Stockholm, Swedes in the United States and Americans of Swedish birth or descent are asked to contribute to a special fund with which, it is hoped, "Little America" may be purchased and incorporated with Millesgården. It would thus become a permanent link between the United States and Sweden, dedicated to the great artist who worked so long in both countries. All contributions that come from America, as well as gifts made by American visitors to Millesgården, now a mecca for art lovers all over the world and one of Sweden's foremost tourist attractions, will be earmarked for this fund. Contributions should be sent to The Fund for Little America, "Millesgården," Stora Nygatan 36, Stockholm, Sweden.

# THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



**DENMARK**

THE DANISH FOLKETING on April 19 ratified the Paris Accords on arming West Germany within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The vote was 145 for and 24 against.

When Prime Minister H. C. Hansen on March 26 proposed the parliamentary resolution passed on April 19, he said *inter alia* that "we cannot prevent a German rearmament. It will come in one way or another, and the way and the guarantees pointed out by the Paris Accords are in the view of the Government the most reassuring." He met a demand from certain quarters for a national referendum by saying that it would be without influence. For Denmark, the German contribution to the defense of the West fills the vacuum south of the Danish border, and Denmark's national contribution to the NATO defense community would thereby have a new background. Shortly before he proposed the Resolution he received a delegation of former members of the resistance forces who recommended that policy.

DANISH PRIME MINISTER H. C. HANSEN, returning to Copenhagen from a two days' visit to Bonn and conference with Chancellor Adenauer in April, expressed satisfaction with the settlement of the minorities problems. The discussions, held in Denmark, had been carried out in the best of atmosphere, the Prime Minister said, and the final negotiations in Germany were held in a spirit of mutual friendship and understanding, and he believed this to be the beginning of a fruitful cooperation between Denmark and Germany.

Chief among the results obtained was the abolition of the so-called "Five Percent Clause" which had deprived some 42,000 voters among the Danish minority in South Slesvig of representation in the Kiel provincial parliament, while a thousand voters belonging to the German minority in the Danish part of the province enjoyed representation in the Danish Parliament. The Danes now have no representatives at Kiel nor in the Bundestag.

The Danish minority was also granted the right to establish high schools, and to receive 80 per cent. (instead of 40 per cent.) of the funds per elementary school pupil that German schools receive. Other guarantees to the Danish minority dealt with political, religious, and personal freedoms and with equality before the law.

APRIL 9 was observed throughout Denmark. There was probably no Dane in the world who did not think of that evil day when Hitler's Germany invaded Denmark. Thousands stood in the Copenhagen City Hall Square and observed two minutes of silence. And it was Decoration Day at cemeteries and memorial groves throughout the country.

A FAROESE PROBLEM that had its origin as far back as 1951 became acute late in April when the local administration attempted to settle it. It concerned the temporary appointment of a Dr. Olaf Halvorsen as medical officer of the hospital of Klaksvig on Bordø Island and the refusal of the Klaksvig people to accept the appointment of Dr. Rubek Nielsen as his successor, denying him access to the town.

The local administration, which derives its authority from the Faroese Lag-

ting, appealed to the Danish Government for help to maintain law and order, and the motorship *Parkeston* was sent from Copenhagen with a contingent of 150 armed police. It was pointed out that the conflict is not one between the Faroes and Denmark but between the rebellious people of Klaksvig and the Faroese home-rule authorities. Nor was a general strike of a few days' duration directly involved in the Halvorsen issue but said to be called solely in an effort to avoid an open fight.

The Danish Government thereupon sent its Finance Minister, Viggo Kampmann, who has visited the islands and is popular there, to survey the situation. Meanwhile the Danish police force, which never went ashore at Klaksvig, was enjoying the hospitality of Tors-havn and playing games of soccer and handball with its people.

The conflict was subsequently settled with the acceptance of a six-point proposal by both parties to the dispute as well as by the Danish Government. The storm center of the conflict, Dr. Halvorsen, left the Faroes and on his arrival in Copenhagen confirmed that he intended not to return to the islands.

ON MAY 4 "Liberation Day" and the tenth anniversary of the end of the German occupation were celebrated all over Denmark. It may in truth be said that the thousand and one festivities that took place from one end of the country to the other defy description. There was not a city, town, village, or hamlet that was not a center of jubilation. In the evening bonfires flared throughout the land and symbolic torches were lit.

At 12 noon the royal family appeared on the balcony of Amalienborg Palace in Copenhagen to greet some 10,000 school children assembled in front of the palace. Among them were 150 children born on May 4, 1945.

At a festive luncheon given by the Danish Government at Christiansborg,

Premier H. C. Hansen voiced Denmark's thanks to the Allied forces for the liberation. He turned also to the representatives of Norway and Sweden and thanked Norway "for her tough resistance and incomparable example" and Sweden for her "invaluable moral and material aid both during and after the war."

A torch was lit in front of the Church of the Holy Spirit in Copenhagen to be carried to Oslo for the Norwegian celebration on May 7. The torch-bearer carried it through Copenhagen, whereupon it was taken by another young man, and altogether forty relays brought the lighted torch via Sweden to the Norwegian capital.

In the evening some 50,000 people filled the Copenhagen City Hall Plaza where the main speakers were Mayor H. P. Sørensen and Prime Minister H. C. Hansen. The Message of Freedom, such as it had sounded over the radio from Britain on the evening of May 4, 1945, was repeated over loudspeakers and the Danish State Radio. Then King Frederik stepped to the microphone and in words that gave echo throughout the land recreated the feeling and jubilation of that day—"the singular accord of joy, thankfulness and community."

In Aalborg, Foreign Minister Halvard Lange of Norway brought greetings to Denmark from the people of Norway. He said *inter alia*: "Denmark and Norway stand together today as never before and understand one another better than ever. Their cultural cooperation is in constant growth and moreover we have an intimate cooperation on defense."

KING FREDERIK and Queen Ingrid received President René Coty of France and Mme. Coty on their arrival at Copenhagen aboard the battleship *Surcouf* on May 15. The President of France and his wife came for a three-day state visit to Denmark.

Throngs of thousands of Danes lined the quay, the streets and the plaza in front of the Amalienborg Palace during the ride to the royal residence. A brief visit to the "Ryvangen" Memorial Grove followed luncheon at Amalienborg, and the day closed with a gala dinner at the Christiansborg at which King Frederik and President Coty spoke.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES in Canterbury, England, were witnessed by tens of thousands when King Frederik of Denmark on May 9 presented new flags to the old British regiment "The Buffs" of which he is Honorary Colonel-in-Chief. King Frederik traced the honorable traditions of the 300-year-old regiment, in which many Danes served during the last World War.

PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER H. C. Hansen left Copenhagen for Los Angeles via the SAS Polar Route on June 18 to attend the tenth anniversary commemorative meetings of the UN in San Francisco opening June 20. On June 30 he attended a Danish luncheon sponsored by the Danish Luncheon Club of New York and other Danish societies at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

DENMARK was the first country to start a nation-wide polio vaccination, with the campaign being launched on April 25. Dr. Jeppe Ørskov, Director of the Danish Serum Institute, said, "In Denmark we have been very lucky in this field. Our vaccine is at least as good as the American one and without any risk." Children at 98 metropolitan schools have received the first vaccination. The Danish program called for inoculation of about 400,000 Danish school children in the first five grades. The vaccination was expected to be completed by about June 15. From the beginning every single dose of vaccine in Denmark was control-tested by the State Serum Institute.



**ICELAND**

THE PRESIDENT OF ICELAND and Mrs. Ásgeirsson paid an official visit to Norway in late May and early June. They arrived in Oslo on the *Gullfoss* and were enthusiastically welcomed by everyone. After several days in Oslo, during which Mr. and Mrs. Ásgeirsson visited the University and other institutions, they went on a tour of Norway as the guests of the Norwegian Government.

THE ALPING finished its winter session on May 15 after sitting 168 days. The result of the session was 70 new laws and 24 resolutions.

THE LABOR UNREST dealt with in the last issue of the *Review* culminated in one of the most extensive strikes in Icelandic history, as several major unions struck for six weeks. Communications were seriously hampered and production in many industries stopped. The strikers obtained 10% wage increases and a promise from the Government that an unemployment insurance fund would be established. This latter point is considered very important by labor, since there has been no unemployment insurance in Iceland previously.

SOVIET RUSSIA, Czechoslovakia, and China in early July opened the largest trade fairs ever held in Iceland. These countries exhibited all sorts of export products in three buildings in downtown Reykjavík. The Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia are among Iceland's best customers.

THE LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE in London has recently added Icelandic to the languages taught through its records. Professor Stefán Einarsson of Baltimore wrote the texts used in the records,

while the readings were supervised by the late Dr. Björn Guðfinnsson.

AN OVERDUE VOLCANO, Mount Katla, acted as if an eruption might be on the way during the summer, but so far it has not materialized. Two rivers flowing from the Mýrdals-glacier, under which the volcano is located, were suddenly flooded and swept away two bridges in early July. An expedition of scientists, led by Dr. Sigurður Pórarinsson, was on the glacier at the time, and they observed slight earthquakes at the same time. The Katla last erupted in 1918, and according to its old cycle it should already have erupted. The scientists who were observing the glacier also studied the larger Vatnajökull this summer. They report that the thickness of the ice on these glaciers is much greater than previously believed, being on the average 400-600 meters but in places reaching 1,000 meters.

A LITERARY COLD WAR seems to be in the making in Iceland, this time through all-Icelandic efforts. The communists have for a long time operated a publishing company which has been highly successful in attracting the younger generation of writers and artists. There has now been founded a rival company, which is headed by Education Minister Bjarni Benediktsson and is supported by many leading authors.

THE MUSICAL COLD WAR in Iceland continues and has even drawn the attention of the world press. Both the great powers of east and west continue to send their best talent to Iceland to perform for the discriminating islanders, who, as *Time* magazine reported, are sitting back and enjoying the show. Among American artists who have been in Iceland this year are Isaac Stern, E.

Power Biggs, and a group of leading players from the Boston Symphony. Isaac Stern gave the proceeds from his concert to the University, which has used the money to furnish a music room.

PROFESSOR DELARGY of Dublin recently brought the Icelanders a welcome gift from his country, Eire. This was a photographic copy of the "Book of Kells," often claimed to be the most beautiful book in the world. President Asgeirsson received the gift on behalf of the Icelanders.

JÓNAS JÓNSSON, one of Iceland's leading statesmen of this century, was 70 on May 1 and retired as Master of the Cooperative School, a position which he has held for more than three decades. His successor at the school is the Rev. Guðmundur Steinsson of Hvanneyri.

THE LEADERS of Scandinavia's Cooperatives held their annual congress in Reykjavík this spring. In connection with the meeting they sponsored a "Nordic Gathering," where leading economists from all five countries discussed the possibilities of a common Scandinavian currency. They had their reservations about the idea, unless widespread economic union were to follow, but the energetic Albin Johansson appealed to them to awaken the people to more realistic Scandinavian cooperation.

THE SKÁLHOLT REVIVAL has now reached the stage where the Government has announced plans to rebuild the place completely with a church and other buildings. It has been announced that the church is to be built in such a style as to be in harmony with the history of the place, a decision which immediately brought loud protests from the Association of Architects.



ON MAY 7, 8, AND 9, Norway observed the 10th anniversary of its liberation from five years of Nazi occupation during World War II. There was a large military parade in Oslo, a State banquet at the ancient Akershus Fortress, bonfires throughout the land, scores of reunions of wartime freedom fighters, and demonstrations of friendship with Denmark and Sweden. But, above all, the celebration was a tribute to the war-dead and to King Haakon's unflinching leadership.

At a wreath-laying ceremony at the memorial to the war-dead, also at Akershus, Crown Prince Olav recalled that some 1,300 were killed during the 60-day fighting in Norway. About 4,000 merchant seamen lost their lives carrying supplies for the Allies, and so did 1,000 Norwegians serving in army, air force, and navy units abroad. In addition, 2,500 Norwegians were tortured to death by the Germans and more than 300 executed.

The wreath-laying ceremony at Akershus was the first of a series of celebrations on May 8. Outstanding were a matinee at the National Theater, sponsored by survivors of Nazi concentration camps, and the State banquet at Akershus. And, finally, on May 9, there was a large meeting in Oslo's Town Hall, where Swedish premier Tage Erlander accepted a 4 million kroner Norwegian national gift to the Swedish people in recognition of their invaluable aid to Norwegians, both during and after the war. The money will be used to build a center for Swedish youth, on the outskirts of Oslo.

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY of the death of Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer, scientist and humanitarian, was com-

memorated in Norway and Switzerland on May 13. In Oslo, King Haakon, Crown Prince Olav, and premier Einar Gerhardsen attended the dedication of the Nansen Research Institute. In Geneva, U.N. Refugee High Commissioner G. J. van Heuven Goedhart addressed a Nansen memorial meeting. Meanwhile, the Norwegian Refugee Council announced a 100,000 kroner contribution to the town for elderly refugees to be built in Luxembourg. And the Armenian General Benevolent Union paid warm tribute to Nansen for saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of refugees after World War I.

Laying a wreath on Fridtjof Nansen's grave at his former home, "Polhøgda," where the research institute bearing his name was opened, Prime Minister Gerhardsen declared: "We could use many men of his mold today." The institute will serve as a center for research in natural science and the problems of international relations. The first task will be to carry forward Nansen's studies of arctic geography and ancient Scandinavian map history. "Polhøgda" will also be used for seminars, lectures, courses, and scientific round-table conferences.

IT WAS A GREAT DAY for the hundreds of thousands of Norwegians who celebrated May 17, Norway's Constitution Day. In every community throughout the country, there was the traditional parade of school children, waving Norway's red, white, and blue flag, as well as civic parades and parties galore. The day was marked by Norwegians throughout the world, from Spitsbergen in the North to Australia in the south.

THE PRESIDENT OF ICELAND, Ásgeir Ásgeirsson, accompanied by his wife, Dóra Thorhallsdóttir, paid his first official visit to Norway last May, staying at the Royal Palace in Oslo for three

days, as guests of King Haakon. The Presidential couple afterwards left on a two-week tour of the country, as guests of the Norwegian government. They visited a number of historical places, as well as modern schools, power plants, and factories.

Early in the morning, May 25, two Norwegian destroyers met the Presidential ship, *Gullfoss*, at the outer reaches of the Oslofjord, escorting it to the flag-flying national capital. At noon, Crown Prince Olav boarded a launch which brought the guests to the Honor Pier. Here, King Haakon, Prime Minister Einar Gerhardsen, and many other prominent Norwegians were waiting to greet the visitors. Before leading the cavalcade to the Royal Palace, the President and the King inspected the Honor Guard. After luncheon, the President laid a wreath on the war memorial at Akershus Fortress and visited the Town Hall. A Palace banquet that same night was attended by the Diplomatic Corps, as well as members of the Norwegian Cabinet, the Parliament, and the Supreme Court.

DIGNITY AND FESTIVITY prevailed at the historic meeting that the Norwegian Storting held on June 7 to mark the 50th anniversary of the peaceful dissolution of Norway's 91-year union with Sweden. After the meeting there was an anniversary luncheon for the 150 representatives and their guests, headed by King Haakon. Speakers at both events hailed the wisdom and restraint shown during the crucial negotiations in 1905, and paid high tribute to King Haakon's leadership during the ensuing fifty years.

In his anniversary address, Storting president Oscar Torp gave an extensive review of the developments which led to the revolutionary decision reached by the Norwegian Storting on June 7, 1905, when it unanimously resolved that "the union with Sweden under one King is

dissolved, since the King has ceased to function as Norwegian King."

Eulogizing Norway's leaders in 1905, Mr. Torp cited especially premier Christian Michelsen, foreign minister Jørgen Løvland, Storting president Carl Berner, and Fridtjof Nansen. He then added: "A happy event is indissolubly linked with 1905. At the express wish of the people, Haakon VII came to Norway on November 25 to become King of the new Norway. He chose as his motto 'All for Norway' and the King has adhered to that principle in the fifty years he has shared the fate of the Norwegian people—in evil as well as in good days. The King has truly become a symbol of national unity.

"One thing has been confirmed," Mr. Torp declared. "Because Norway and Sweden were able to part in peace and as brothers, the natural solidarity between the two nations has led to the good neighbor relations that farsighted statesmen in both countries hoped for in 1905. The past fifty years has been a period of great progress, both materially and culturally. We have experienced prosperity as well as adversity. The hardest test was the five years of occupation and fighting during World War II. Adversity welded us together as a nation. That unity we must preserve. The memory of June 7, 1905, fills us with a sense of obligation. Our tasks may be different than then, but they require the same imagination, the same determination and the same readiness for hard work."

Odelsting president, C. J. Hambro, addressing the Parliamentary luncheon, described the unanimity shown in 1905 as a manifestation of national will that impressed and surprised the contemporary age. In his words: "Never has any political decision been accorded such an overwhelming affirmation as the resolution of June 7 received in the plebiscite of August 13, 1905." Mr.



Norwegian Information Office

## BRITAIN'S QUEEN VISITS NORWAY'S KING

*Sitting, l. to r.: King Haakon, Queen Elizabeth, Crown Prince Olav; standing, l. to r.: Princess Astrid, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Harald, Princess Ragnhild.*

Hambro sketched the highlights of what he termed the three acts of the drama of modern Norway—the unforgettable reception that met the newly elected King on his arrival in Oslo, his departure from Tromsø, 35 years later, to lead the fight for Norway's freedom from abroad, and his triumphant return to Oslo, in June, 1945. In conclusion, the Odelsting president expressed the hope that those who today are in charge of Norway's national interests will show the same ability and determination as the men of 1905, if put to a similar test.

The anniversary luncheon was briefly addressed by King Haakon who observed that the economic progress made

since 1905 surely exceeds the fondest dreams of the men of 1905. "In spite of adversities," he declared, "we have managed to accomplish great tasks. I believe the solidarity that was created in 1905 and that grew stronger during the years of occupation, has helped us all to develop greater respect for one another."

FOR THE FIRST TIME in nearly fifty years, a British monarch visited Norway when Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Oslo on June 24. During their 3-day official visit to the Norwegian capital, they were guests of King Haakon at the Royal Palace. The couple arrived and departed on the *HMY Britannia*. The event received

world-wide news coverage by a large number of foreign reporters.

During the 3-day stay in Oslo, the Queen placed wreaths on Norwegian and British war memorials, and visited a series of landmarks, including the Oslo Town Hall, the Norwegian Folk Museum, the Kon-Tiki raft, and the Viking ship collections. The British Royal couple also attended a gala performance at the National Theater.

Official functions in Oslo included a banquet at the Royal Palace, preceded by a reception for the Diplomatic Corps, and a garden party at the British Embassy for some 4,000 Commonwealth residents and Norwegians.

A SERIOUS MISHAP was suffered by King Haakon on June 29 when he accidentally slipped and fell while staying at his Royal Mansion at Bygdøy. Examination revealed that the thigh bone was broken near the hip, whereupon the king entered the State Hospital in Oslo. Subsequent medical bulletins announced that his progress toward full recovery was rapid. It was, incidentally, the very first time that the 82-year-old monarch had spent any time in a hospital.

AMERICAN PHILATELISTS captured two of the three Grand Prix awards at the international stamp exhibit, *Norwex 1955*, held in Oslo, June 4-12. Four of 23 Gold Medals and twenty other prizes also went to Americans. Norwegians received one Grand Prix, one gold medal, one special medal, and nine others. The awards were made by a 17-member international jury, including four from Norway.

THE LARGEST SHIP in Scandinavia, the 34,490 ton *Jaragua*, built for Sandefjord shipowner Anders Jahre, was launched at Gothenburg in May.

THE ANNUAL COD fisheries in the Lofoten waters of North Norway turned out to be very disappointing this year, too. As of the official closing date, April 23, when government inspectors left their posts, the total catch was 43,580 tons, about the same as last year's record low. Estimated first-hand value of the 1955 catch was 43.1 million kroner. Average earnings per fisherman, however, were well above last year's, because only about 14,000 participated, as against 20,000 in the 1954 season, and also because buyers paid somewhat higher prices.

Despite the poor Lofoten result, Norway's total cod catch is well ahead of last year's, amounting to about 78,000 tons, as against 62,000 tons at the same time in 1954, and 65,000 in 1953. In the post-war seasons preceding 1953, mid-April totals varied between some 202,000 tons in 1947 and about 90,000 tons in 1949.

AT A CONFERENCE held in Oslo, June 13-21, under auspices of the Norwegian Nobel Institute, with financial support from the Ford Foundation, experts on international relations and economics from fourteen countries, including seven Americans, discussed basic aspects of "The Western Democracies and World Problems."

During the 9-day meeting, some fifty specialists discussed three main points: "West-East Relations and Possibilities for Relaxing Tensions," "Forms of Co-operation in the Western World and Possibilities for Developing an Atlantic Community," and "Western Relations with the Economically Under-developed Countries." These vital problems were first examined by three separate groups and then at joint sessions. Each of the institutes represented at the Oslo seminar will, in due course, publish a comprehensive report on the talks.



## SWEDEN

A DRASIC REORIENTATION of Sweden's economic policy was inaugurated on April 18, when the Bank of Sweden decided to increase the discount rate by one per cent., or from  $2\frac{3}{4}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. At the same time it was announced that the government would issue a bond loan bearing an interest of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which is the highest rate offered by the Swedish government since 1940, after the outbreak of World War II. A four-per-cent. loan issued last fall was then regarded as something of a sensation, that rate being one-half of a percentage point higher than that on any other gilt-edged issue since the war. Other steps were also to be taken in order to ease the pressure on the country's economic resources and halt the inflationary tendencies. The day before, April 17, Prime Minister Tage Erlander announced that the government had decided not to go ahead with a proposed forced-savings plan. That proposal, which had been drafted by the Ministry of Finance but not yet submitted to the Parliament, had met with strong resistance, not only from the opposition, and on second thought the Agrarians, who cooperate with the Social Democrats in the government, had refused to endorse it.

A SWEDISH-SOVIET TRADE agreement for 1955 was signed in Stockholm on April 22. While Swedish exports to the Soviet Union are of smaller scope than in previous agreements and partly of a new composition, Swedish imports remain on a high level.

Exports, expected to total about 40,000,000 kronor (\$8,000,000), will include 3,000 tons of cellulose, 5,000 tons of paper and board, hides and leather

to a value of about 10,000,000 kronor, iron and steel for nearly 8,000,000 kronor and industrial equipment for about the same amount. Imports are estimated to amount to 100,000,000-120,000,000 kronor and will comprise at least 600,000 tons of petroleum products, 20,000 tons of chromium ore, 15,000 tons of manganese ore, 50,000 tons of coal, in addition to zinc, asbestos, oil cake, cotton, etc. During the year the Soviet Union is to pay about 55,000,000 kronor for Swedish goods ordered in 1954.

KING GUSTAF VI ADOLF and Queen Louise of Sweden on April 26-28 paid a state visit to the Netherlands as guests of Queen Juliana and her consort, Prince Bernhard. Among the cities visited were The Hague, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Delft. Everywhere the reception was warm and sincere. A touching highlight on the crowded agenda was a call in Amsterdam of a delegation from the 13,000 Dutch bakers, who expressed their thanks for shipments of Swedish food during the war. The delegation presented the King with a glass sculpture, representing two hands raised in supplication and an ear of wheat, and bearing the inscription: "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread." The monarch, deeply touched, accepted the unexpected gift. On May 6 and 7 all over the Netherlands loaves of white bread were sold, decorated with the Swedish flag and the emblem of the Red Cross. In Amsterdam, King Gustaf Adolf placed a wreath on the yet unfinished national monument, erected in memory of the 200,000 Dutchmen who fell during the struggle for liberation. During a banquet at the Swedish Legation in The Hague, Minister Sven Dahlman recalled that the Hague Legation is the oldest permanent foreign mission established by Sweden. It was founded by King Gustavus Adolphus in 1614.

WITH ANCIENT POMP and ceremony, King Gustaf VI Adolf on May 19 received an honorary doctor's degree from the University of Oxford. It was presented by Lord Halifax, Chancellor of the University, who paid tribute to the King as a patron of the arts and an archaeologist of international renown.

THE RIKSDAG on May 25 authorized the government to exercise its option to purchase the fifty per cent. of the stock of the mining company, Luossavaara-Kiirunavaara, or LKAB, which is held by the private Grängesberg company. This means that as of September 30, 1955, the rich iron ore mines in the northern section of the province of Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle, will become government property. The payment is estimated at between 880 and 925 million kronor, and may be paid in cash during 1958 or during a five or a ten-year period. In the Upper House of the Riksdag, the vote was 88 for and 44 against, while in the Lower House 131 members voted for the recommendation and 87 against it.

FOUR SWEDISH fishing smacks that were seized in early May by Soviet authorities on a charge of illegal fishing in the Bay of Danzig, were released on May 19 and their crews, numbering thirteen, returned to Swedish ports with their craft after having been held in prison in Pionersk in East Prussia. Storm and heavy fog had caused the boats to drift inside the limit of twelve nautical miles which the Soviet authorities claim along the Baltic Coast. While the skippers were fined a total of 2,600 kronor, which was deposited for them by the Swedish Embassy in Moscow, they were permitted to keep their fishing gear. Their commercial loss, due to three weeks' inactivity, is estimated at around 25,000 kronor. The men reported that they had been well treated.

THE SECOND SWEDISH SUBMARINE of a new, large class has been launched from the Navy Yard in Karlskrona, in south-eastern Sweden. The vessel cost about twenty million kronor (\$4 million), displaces 800 tons, and incorporates many ideas and devices developed since the end of World War II. It was christened *Valen* ("The Whale"). Of this class of submersibles, the first unit was launched in December last year at the Kockum Yard in Malmö, one more is under construction, and three are ordered. Swedish experts are working on an entirely new type of submarine which will have a much greater speed while submerged and be able to stay under water much longer.

ON JULY 1 the first dynamite blasts echoed among the rocks near the small community of Stenungsund, a few miles north of Gothenburg, on Sweden's west coast, where the State Power Board will build its new subterranean steam power station. It is being dug out of the solid granite to a bomb-proof depth of almost three hundred feet. When finished, it will be the world's largest underground plant of its kind.

THE SWEDISH RIKSDAG closed its spring session on May 27 when a series of important Bills were passed. It was decided that company taxation will be raised from the present 40 per cent. to 45 per cent. in 1956 and to 50 per cent. in 1957. Voluntary saving will be stimulated by premiums on deposits on accounts "frozen" until the end of 1960, and new rules for improved control of personal income tax returns were approved. It was also decided to extend the system of vocational training and to establish a separate Board of Shipping. New traffic regulations, including a speed limit of 50 kilometers per hour in built-up areas, were approved.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the peaceful dissolving on June 7, 1905, of the union between Sweden and Norway, which had lasted for ninety-one years, was observed at several meetings on both sides of the border. Swedish Prime Minister Tage Erlander and Norwegian Premier Einar Gerhardsen spoke on Sunday, June 5, in Halden, in Norway, before an audience of 15,000 Norwegians and Swedes. "At the beginning of this century, the development in Sweden and Norway had got out of step," said Mr. Erlander, in part. "The union had outlived itself. After its ties were loosened, the development in the two countries proceeded along more parallel lines. The Northern countries have been successful in creating good living conditions for their citizens, but the nations are small and their resources limited." He therefore urged an increased cooperation by coordinating their productive resources, thus strengthening their position on the international market.

FLAG DAY was observed in Sweden on June 6 with traditional ceremonies in more than three hundred places all over the country. In Stockholm, the celebration centered in the Stadium, where King Gustaf VI Adolf distributed Swedish flags to patriotic clubs and organizations.

AN AGREEMENT was signed July 1 in Washington, D.C., by the governments of the United States and Sweden, which laid the foundation for cooperation between the two countries regarding the utilization of atomic power for peaceful purposes. The agreement, similar to those recently entered into between the United States and other countries, makes it possible for Swedish institutions to receive from the American Atomic Energy Commission informa-

tion regarding the construction and operation of experimental reactors and the use of concentrated uranium.

THE WORLD'S FIRST privately owned international helicopter line was inaugurated this summer by a Stockholm firm, which opened regular traffic from Malmö, in southernmost Sweden, to Copenhagen. The trip across the narrow Öresund Straits from the Malmö heliport, Sweden's first, to the Danish capital is made in twenty minutes with a Sikorsky-55 machine, accommodating eight passengers.

THE THEATER OF ANATOMY built in the 1660's at the University of Upsala by Sweden's great scientist Olof Rudbeck, who was the first to discover and describe the lymph glands and the lymphatic circulation, recently underwent complete restoration. After being long in disuse, the historic theater, built under the cupola of one of the University's oldest buildings, Gustavianum, has been restored so as to present a complete replica of its original interior. The inauguration took place on May 31 in connection with this year's conferring of the Doctor's Degrees in the presence of the King and Queen of Sweden. It is expected to draw great crowds of sightseers during the tourist season.

The Gustavianum was one of the few buildings that survived after the great fire in Upsala in 1702, and it is said that Rudbeck himself directed the fire-fighting from the cupola, which he did not leave although he witnessed how his home and valuable books and collections were destroyed by the fire. The restored theater of anatomy will stand as a monument to Olof Rudbeck's contributions to the development of the natural sciences and to his zeal in making his University one of the leading institutions in this field.



STRINDBERG'S QUEEN CHRISTINA, CHARLES XII, GUSTAV III. TRANSLATIONS AND INTRODUCTIONS BY WALTER JOHNSON. *University of Washington Press and The American-Scandinavian Foundation*, Seattle and New York. 1955. 282 pp. Ill. Price \$4.50.

Strindberg is slowly but surely assuming his proper stature. He is still, somewhat like Ezra Pound, in that dubious position of being respected as a literary influence rather than enjoyed in his own right. Neither is he much played. Granted that on the centenary of his birth there was a flurry of productions, but the big one of *The Father*, with Raymond Massey and Mady Christians, was greeted with disapprobation and even a measure of derision ("You are old, father," hooted Howard Barnes, of the *New York Herald Tribune*). Indeed, Strindberg's misogyny was said to make him quite unacceptable in this country of "momism" and the glorified female ego.

But a change is in the air and it can be predicted, I think, that scholarship will flesh in the really heroic figure of Strindberg in the years ahead. Professor Alrik Gustafson is preparing the definitive biography, based on the collected letters which continue to appear in Sweden; John Gassner has contracted to write a critical study. Doubleday Anchor has just published Elizabeth Sprigge's translations of six plays in a pocket edition, the first edition to make Strindberg easily available to college students. And one publishing company continues to blow hot and cold over the thought of a big collected edition of Strindberg. Perhaps the greatest barrier to a true understanding of Strindberg has been the inaccessibility of all but two of the twenty-three historical plays. Professor Walter Johnson, of the University of Washington, has had the happy idea of removing that barrier. As a first stage in a larger project, he has translated three of the best of the

historical plays, and this volume, attractively bound in Sweden's blue and yellow, is likely to enhance the reputation of Strindberg substantially.

When he is at his best, as he is, I think, in *Charles XII*, Strindberg is the most original writer of historical plays in the theater of our time. "All poetry trafficks in anachronism," wrote Goethe in a statement that Strindberg uses as the epigraph for his notes on the historical drama. Both Shaw and Strindberg realized how much historical drama, in particular, finds its vitality in anachronism, but Shaw the cosmic jester perhaps too often exploited its local and playful possibilities. And yet both realized that the task was to reassess and rehabilitate the hero by rediscovering the man, and this humanizing process is essentially one of anachronism, of creating the eternal present out of the past. How do these playwrights differ? Shaw is interested in the dialectic of history, Strindberg in the humanism of history. One approach is not necessarily greater than the other, and we need both, but Strindberg discovered the more original form, the perfect fusion of naturalism and symbolism.

In that sense *Charles XII*, falling between Strindberg's two great periods, is his most interesting historical play. In it he "avoids the mathematically symmetrical construction of French dialogue and lets his characters' brains work irregularly"; he shows us the protagonist in the round as many characters encounter him. To that extent, this study of the twilight of Charles XII against the backdrop of an impoverished Sweden, is naturalistic. And yet it is real "poetry of the theater." The opening scene with its dilapidated cottage and "leafless wind-ravaged apple tree with one lone apple shaken in the wind" is symbolic. The king's vision of Hunger in the person of a disgruntled soldier of his regiment translates the Elizabethan dream vision into a modern context. The haunting Bach sarabande played by Charles' discarded court dwarf, sounding like "the autumn wind between double windows, or the crying of children," suffuses the play with a forbidding melancholy, and the dwarf's moment of fury at the end of Act I is a brilliant

theatrical symbol. All of these elements dissolve the hard contours of naturalism into a play of great power and dimension, one that discovers the real rhythm of history. Though Strindberg apprenticed under Shakespeare, his is a different method. It is Strindberg's genius to see history as symbolic, and so his plays view the particularity of character against the generality of history, whereas Shakespeare rather tends in the opposite direction. This is the essence of Strindberg's originality.

Will these plays have any life in the American theater? Certainly Strindberg's infallible sense of stagecraft argues their viability on any stage. But the substance of history has traditionally been known to audiences, and these plays, in spite of *Christina*, *Charles XII*, *Swedenborg*, and *Bellman*, fill the stage with remote historical personages that have to be introduced. Granted that Strindberg is very good at this, especially in assembly scenes where a knot of characters downstage may provide commentary on those entering one at a time upstage. There will be college and perhaps a few community productions, but Broadway, as it is now constituted, is not likely to be interested. What we can hope for is an intelligent off-Broadway production.

The text of the plays is readable, but not entirely unblemished. When *Christina* orders "Keep an eye on all the doors afterwards; I am expecting Baron Tott," Holm replies with the unnerving vulgarity "Will do, Your Majesty." This is a literal rendering of "Skall ske," and it is generally literalness that weakens the translation—as, for example, when "Hela karlan är suspekt" is translated as "The whole fellow is suspect," instead of, say, "The fellow's suspect through and through." But the text falters only occasionally from its solid and accurate progress. Dr. Johnson's editing is admirably full, with penetrating critical introductions, thumbnail sketches of all characters, and meticulous notes. All told, this volume not only rounds out the reputation of Strindberg but contributes much to the understanding of the history play in our time.

University of Florida RICHARD B. VOWLES

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE. BY TRYGVE LIE. Macmillan. New York. 1954. 473 pp. Price \$6.00.

This record of the first seven years of the United Nations by the U.N.'s first Secretary-General and one of Norway's leading statesmen (the book was published simultaneously in Norway in Norwegian) is required reading for all who are interested in contemporary international politics. While many of the economic and security measures to arrest the spread of Soviet influence took place outside the United Nations—particularly after 1948—all of the basic mistrust, power politics, and issues were, at one time or another, reflected in United Nations organs, commissions or sub-commissions and Mr. Lie was in a commanding position to be aware of them, to attempt to mediate between them and, by virtue of responsibilities granted him under the Charter, to influence their outcome.

*In the Cause of Peace* is well written, lucid and reasonably candid. Personal touches add interest. (The Lies seem to have had a disproportionate amount of bad luck at formal dinners: few can report the dumping of a bowl of gravy over the wife of the Vice-President of the United States, or of plum brandy over Tito). The first and most definite impression of the book is the multiplicity of U.N. activities, the vitality of the organization and the forum it provided both for an exchange of views and for private and informal negotiation. There is no question, for example, that the Berlin crisis would have gone on longer, that the Palestine problem would have been even more difficult to ameliorate and that a host of less crucial problems such as Iran, Greece or Indonesia could have become far more critical than they proved to be had it not been for the U.N. The role of the U.N., and of the Secretary-General, are all reported here.

The second definite impression is that of Mr. Lie himself. Clearly he had definite ideas. He wanted the U.N. headquarters to be in New York and worked strenuously and constructively toward that goal. He supported, very early, the work of the Economic and Social Council and, particularly, technical assistance. He believed that the

U.N. decision to partition Palestine was right and threatened to resign when the United States backed down on using force to implement the decision. Clearly he had courage. Always conscious that, as the first Secretary-General, he was setting precedents for an organization which gave the chief administrative officer more power than his counter-part in the League, he boldly took action he knew would be resented—by giving his own opinion in the Iranian dispute, by backstage manipulation on the question of Chinese representation, and by other positions which a less courageous, or less impulsive person might have preferred to avoid. There are some indications—as in the Berlin mediations—that Mr. Lie viewed the role of Secretary-General as that of a sort of supra-negotiator, *primus inter pares* as it were, which could hardly be expected to elicit the enthusiastic approval of all the foreign ministers of the member states. There are some notable omissions, of which, perhaps, absence of any discussion of the very real problems in the Secretariat is the most obvious.

It is not surprising that, by the end of his seven-year term, Mr. Lie was, in United Nations circles, a somewhat controversial figure. It is equally clear, however, that the controversy he evoked eased the task of his successor in the delicate role that Mr. Hammarskjöld is playing in international politics today. Perhaps it is always thus for those who are first.

RAYMOND DENNETT

EINAR JÓNSSON. *KF:s Bokförlag/Aðal-umboð Bókaútgáfan Norðri*. Reykjavík. 1955. 210 pp. 209 illustrations. Price on application to The American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York.

"Little" Iceland has produced a very large book. This volume is quite as important as the sagas and the eddas that, in the thirteenth century, Icelanders inscribed on sheepskin. Its monumental character is proved by the \$2.31 in stamps required to post it in the United States.

The Icelandic sculptor Einar Jónsson, who died last autumn, may have been, since Rodin's death, the world's greatest

living sculptor. Some would, of course, accord that fame to Miles the Swede. In America Jónsson is known for his statue of Thorfinn Karlsefni which dominates the banks of the Schuylkill River in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

That statue and a majority of his other works are reproduced in this magnificent volume. Some favorite pieces are omitted. Happily several of his unique watercolors—reminiscent only of Blake—are presented in glorious color.

It is worthy of remark that two sculptors of Icelandic descent have museums devoted to their works alone, Einar Jónsson in Reykjavík and Thorvaldsen in Copenhagen. This book indeed is a worthy companion piece to the Jónsson Museum and a noble product of the art of printing.

H.G.L.

THE TYRANTS. BY RICHARD B. THOMSEN. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, New York. 1955. 245 pp. Price \$3.50.

The bleak environment of the Faroe Islands in the late eighteenth century is the setting of Richard Thomsen's novel, *The Tyrants*. The action springs from the violent protest of the peasantry to the passage of the rigorous law known as "Paragraph 8," which forbade serfs to marry unless they owned land or were in a position to lease it.

Two peasants, Jórand and Sigvad, whose hopes for the future are dashed by this stern decree, escape with their sweethearts from the tyranny of their master, Guttorm, and find refuge in the remote ends of the Islands. There they start life afresh, but as their settlement prospers materially, they themselves fall prey to the selfishness and greed which had driven them to rebellion, and tragedy overtakes them.

Although the author is dealing with fundamental human problems and conflicts, the unfortunate fact is that his characters never seem to come to life, so that it is difficult to care much what happens to them. We are told of their moods and reactions, but not made to feel sufficiently identified with them to be interested in them as individuals. This may be due in part to the rather uninspired translation, but the main fault must lie with their creator.

Since Mr. Thomsen is said to be one of Denmark's most popular writers, it is too bad that *The Tyrants* should serve as his introduction to American readers, as they will hardly clamor for more on the basis of this mediocre performance.

RUTH L. SHERWOOD

THE SMALL RAIN. A NOVEL BY DIANA RAYMOND. *J. B. Lippincott Company*. Philadelphia. 1955. 286 pp. Price \$3.50.

Before a windswept, sun-drenched Swedish west coast summer is over, the small rain has built up into a fairly roaring torrent of human emotions, whipped by gusts of jealousy and suspicion, pierced by the lightning of passion, and drenched in a flood of remorse and regret. The calm, mellow, and tawny backdrop of the picturesque Swedish seascape serves admirably as a rich curtain against which the bizarre and frequently trying characters of the novel rush and weave for a few action-studded months.

For here, on the sandy shore of Vengerstrand, the rich Russian Baron Konstantin and his third wife, Mariana, slovenly and voluptuous, gather around them his two daughters by previous marriages, and their precocious, little-pitcher offspring. Catherine, his favorite daughter, is English, and English, too, is Piers Adams, a London publisher sent for by the Baron to write the story of his life. Catherine is married to a doltish obscure worthy, and Adams has left a problem wife behind. A brief, unsatisfactory affair blossoms at Vengerstrand, from which Catherine and Piers separate in an atmosphere of remorse and singed nerves.

Dark, bouncing, romantic Yelisveta, the daughter of Konstantin's second, French, wife, then bursts upon the glass-enclosed porch in a shower of forced laughter, determined to set not only Vengerstrand, but all of west Sweden, on its ear. Her tricks include appearing barefoot at a formal dinner and pretending to be lost in the night. Regrettably, some helpful local beaters flush her from the shrubbery, enabling her to resume her antics.

The two young grandsons of the voluble and voluminous Count Konstantin are ac-

curately drawn. If their deportment at times seems unique and their language a bit forced, upbringing must be put down as the cause. There is also a long-lost son, Pyotor, whom Konstantin, in his impetuosity, has set down as a deserter to the Communists. Of course, Pyotor has never had any traffic with the Soviets, and he crowds in at the Vengerstrand villa near the closing of the book and the season.

One person deserving of a Carnegie Medal is the cook and maid, Fröken Carlberg, who in the midst of this three-ring circus not only prepares scores of heavenly meals but miraculously manages to preserve her balance, even her good humor.

HOLGER LUNDBERGH

ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. BY WILFRED SKREDE. Translated by M. A. Michael. *W. W. Norton*. 1955. 223 pp. Ill. Price \$3.50.

Wilfred Skrede's account of his war-time progress across Soviet Russia and Turkestan, through Communist-held Sinkiang Province, along the hideous Takla Makan desert and down through the Himalayas to India (destination: Royal Norwegian Air Force base in Toronto) is highly amusing and often downright hilarious.

Mr. Skrede was nineteen when he left Oslo with three pals, from whom he later became separated through a ludicrous accident in Sinkiang, and the book is full of the youthful enthusiasm and high good spirits of that adventurous time. The Sinkiang chapters are especially funny. Hospitalized with a broken back, and bound hand and foot by red tape, Mr. Skrede recaptures with good-natured disgust the fly-blown exasperations of what must have been the most frustrating leg of his journey.

The author has some lovely stories to tell. Once over Mintaka Pass, he discovers that the Indian bearer who has been sent to meet him is wearing his missing trousers, which one of his pals had mistakenly grabbed and later presented to the estimable Shrukker Ali!

A map on the inside covers of the book helps the reader to follow Mr. Skrede from one scrape to another.

ROBERT A. HUNTER

IN STRANGEST NORWAY OR ADVENTURES OF THE YANK FAMILY DOGGSON. BY PHILIP BOARDMAN. Illustrated by Ulf Aas. *Aschehoug*, Oslo. 1954. 171 pp. Price \$2.80.

Dr. Boardman has done it again! After reading his two previous books, *How to Feel at Home in Norway* and *Nuggets of Norse*, one might perhaps be excused for entertaining the thought that he had exhausted the rich lode from which he has extracted so much volatile material for his inimitably funny books about the Norwegian people who have to suffer him in their midst. But no, in this third tome he is still at it, spinning a lively tale and in the process taking the poor Norse over his hot coals, exposing their faults and their foibles, and having a jolly time doing it.

In the present opus Dr. Boardman takes the reader along on a visit to Norway by a young American couple and their two children. (As might have been expected, young Mr. Doggson had become a Norwegianophile through attending the Oslo Summer School shortly after the war.) From the time the ship anchors in Bergen and until that happy time when our hero is safely installed as the Norwegian representative of his wife's uncle's business, there is a continuous sequence of hilarious doings, partly brought about through the naiveté of Mr. Doggson and partly by the two Americans' inability to fathom the strange behavior and customs of Norway's indigenous population. To make matters worse, a predatory blonde on the prowl is the direct and indirect cause of many tribulations and complications, but Mr. Doggson and his family manage to come through in fine style.

For those Norwegian readers who are mystified by the American slang and other expressions, Dr. Boardman has added "A Scholarly Appendix," in which the definitions and Norwegian paraphrases are almost always just right (not at all an easy task). American readers should be able, one supposes, to increase their learning by using the list in reverse.—The illustrations by Ulf Aas strike the right note throughout and add to the reader's enjoyment. All in all, a top-notch book for light summer and the-rest-of-the-year reading, especially recommended for future visitors to Norway.

ERIK J. FRIS

#### BOOK NOTES

*Norway: A Democratic Kingdom* is an exceedingly attractive booklet published by Dreyers Forlag in Oslo on the occasion of Norway's golden jubilee. With the subtitle, 1905-1955. *Fifty Years of Progress*, this very informative anniversary publication reviews the advances of the last half century in the political, economic, social, and other fields. The author is Chr. A. R. Christensen, the Editor of the Oslo daily *Verdens Gang*. The booklet has been issued in cooperation with The Royal Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

A collection of original illustrations by Erik Werenskiold and Th. Kittelsen for Norwegian fairy tales is now being exhibited throughout the U.S.A. under the joint sponsorship of the Norwegian Embassy in Washington and The American-Scandinavian Foundation. A very attractive exhibition catalogue, which has been made available for the occasion, contains a valuable article by Pat Shaw about the two artists and about Asbjørnsen and Moe, the collectors of the tales; there is also a descriptive listing of the pictures shown, in addition to a number of reproductions of the fairy tale drawings. The catalogue will be for sale at the exhibit and may also be ordered direct from The American-Scandinavian Foundation. The price is 25 cents a copy.

A worthy anniversary volume in honor of Hans Christian Andersen has been published in Copenhagen by Det Berlingske Bogtrykkeri in cooperation with the Committee for Danish Cultural Activities Abroad. The book, whose full title is *A Book on the Danish Writer Hans Christian Andersen, His Life and Work*, has been edited by Dr. Svend Dahl and Dr. H. G. Topsøe-Jensen. The list of contributors, which is indeed an impressive one, includes the names of Julius Bomholt, Svend Larsen, Paul V. Rubow, Erik Dahl, and Cai M. Woel. The various chapters deal with Andersen's life, his fairy tales, the numerous translations of his work, and his influence on other writers. The English translation is the work of W. Glyn Jones. There are also a great many fine illustrations related to

Andersen's life as well as drawings from various editions of the fairy tales.

In *Geography of the Northlands* fourteen experts survey the physical conditions, economic resources, and many other aspects of the world's arctic and subarctic regions. Edited by George H. T. Kimble and Dorothy Good, the book provides a detailed and authoritative review of current knowledge about the northern lands and seas, and is profusely illustrated with maps and photographs. The book appears as Special Publication No. 32 by the American Geographical Society and is issued by John Wiley & Sons, Inc. (1955. 534 pp. Price \$10.50).

*Norway's Views on Sovereignty* is a Report prepared for UNESCO by Einar Løchen and Rolf N. Torgersen. Among the topics dealt with are the powers and attributes of sovereignty, the relationship between international law and Norwegian internal law, the methods of giving effect to Norwegian international commitments, and the means utilized by Norway to secure observance of rules of customary international law. The booklet is issued by the Christian Michelsen Institute of Bergen in its series of political science publications.

The life and art of the Swedish-American painter Carl Oscar Borg are the subject of a recent study by Albin Widén which is published by Nordisk Rotogravyr in Stockholm. This sumptuous volume, which is entitled *Carl Oscar Borg. Ett konstnärsöde*, includes not only a comprehensive and lucid biography of Borg, but also several of Borg's poems written in English and numerous reproductions of his oil paintings, water-colors, and etchings. The book is distributed in the U.S.A. by the American Swedish Historical Foundation in Philadelphia.

Adventure and romance aplenty are to be found in *The Broken Sword*, a novel written in the modern manner, but with a bow to the old sagas, by Poul Anderson, a young Danish-American author. Viking exploits with attendant plunder, witchcraft, elves, deeds of derring-do, and a magic

sword, all add up to a fanciful and lively tale. (Abelard Schuman. New York. 1954. 274 pp. Price \$2.75.)

*And Her Name Was Lina* by Johanna Anderson tells the story of a young Swedish girl and what befell her later in life in Sweden, Norway, and America. Descriptions of the customs of the farmer folk in the Swedish province of Dalsland are worked into the body of the book and will transmit both feeling and affection for that way of life. This material and the many illustrations add a great deal to the interest of this unusual and touching story. (Augustana Book Concern. Rock Island, Ill. 1954. 301 pp. Price \$3.00.)

Per Høst is a well-known Norwegian zoologist, world traveler, and photographer, who has achieved a great deal of success with his films from far-away places. A recent book of his is now available in English translation under the title *What the World Showed Me*. This fascinating volume, translated from the Norwegian by Katherine John, recounts his many adventures, ranging from the Arctic Ocean to the tropical jungles of Panama. The many splendid photographs, coupled with Høst's flair for lively story-telling, make this book recommended reading for armchair travelers. (Rand, McNally. 302 pp. Price \$4.50.)

*Appointment with Fortune* is an inspiring tale about a sensitive youth, who, in spite of early obstacles and tremendous odds, finally reached the goals he had set himself in life. Dr. Marius Hansome, the author, is a Danish-American who has achieved prominence as professor, writer, humanist, and social philosopher. (Vantage Press. 1955. 247 pp. Price \$3.50.)

Readers of the "Young Traveler" series of E. P. Dutton & Company will welcome *The Young Traveler in Norway*, which, like its predecessors, is the ideal combination of novel and travel book for young people. Written by Beth and Garry Hogg, the book is illustrated with photographs and drawings and with maps by David Stone. (1955. 224 pp. Price \$3.00.)

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The adventures of two boys on the Mississippi River, its famed steamboats, and logging on the river are the ingredients of *Steamboat's Coming*, a top-notch juvenile by Annette Turngren. (Longmans, Green, New York, 1955. 183 pp. Price \$2.75.) The author has several books to her credit, of which the first one, *Flaxen Braids*, told of her mother's childhood in Sweden.

Not only philatelists will find *Postal History of Norway* by Edith M. Fisher extremely interesting reading. This little booklet traces the history of the mail in Norway from the earliest times of the *budstikke*, through the actual founding of an official postal service by Hannibal Sehested in 1647, and down to the present time. It also contains additional articles on Norwegian stamps and covers by H. L. Lindquist, Carl H. Pihl, and Rene Van Rompay (Van Dahl Publications, Inc. Albany, Ore. 21 pp. Ill. Price 50 cents).

The philatelic magazine *Covers*, also issued by Van Dahl Publications, in its June 1955 Number featured several articles about the stamps of Scandinavia in connection with the two large stamp exhibits recently held in Oslo and Stockholm, Norway and Stockholmia. These exhibits were arranged to commemorate the centenary of the introduction of the postage stamp in Norway and Sweden.

The increasingly great difference between the Danish language and Norwegian "Riks-mål" is tellingly demonstrated by the recent publication of a Norwegian-Danish dictionary by Gyldendal in Copenhagen and Oslo. *Norsk-Dansk Ordbog* contains almost 500 pages of Norwegian words which are, to some extent, almost unintelligible to Danes and are here defined and explained. The work is edited by Hallfrid Christiansen and Niels Åge Nielsen with the cooperation of Mogens Brøndsted.

One of the most handsome children's books to appear in some time is *On Your Own Two Feet* by Bessie F. White. This juvenile, for ages 7-11, tells about the adventures of two Norwegian children, Tor and Gunda Petersen, on the farm, in the fields, and in the forests of old Norway. The illustrations and decorations by Joshua Tolford recapture much of the atmosphere of Norwegian folk art and greatly enhance the appeal of the book. (Farrar, Straus & Co. New York. 1955. 96 pp. Price \$2.75.)

Childhood memories from a sturdy pioneer settlement in South Dakota are the subject matter of the heartwarming story *Mama Came From Norway* by O. H. Olseth. Told with frankness and charm, this partly autobiographical prairie saga deals with Johann and Siri Nelson and their eight children, their constant struggles against the elements, and the strenuous life they had to lead, characterized by hard work and a simple belief in God and His goodness. (Vantage Press. New York. 1955. 159 pp. Price \$2.75.)

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Cultural exchange between Scandinavians and Americans in music and related fields has reached a new peak during the summer and fall of 1955. Distinguished composers as well as performing artists and organizations highlight this two-way traffic. Our own Aaron Copland will be making a series of concert, lecture and radio appearances in Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Oslo during the month of October, featuring not only his own brilliant scores but also those of his American colleagues. Late in October, American musical circles will have the pleasure of a visit from Klaus Egge, one of the foremost living Norwegian composers, whose *Piano Concerto No. 2 on a Norwegian Folk Tune* has recently been issued over here on a Mercury long playing record.

The American debut of ten members of the Royal Danish Ballet took place on

Wednesday, July 6, at the invitation of Ted Shawn at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival at Lee, Mass. The Danes were enthusiastically received during a two-weeks series of performances at Lee, as well as at New York's Lewisohn Stadium where they danced on Thursday, July 21. The group's invitation to the United States occurred as a result of ballerina Inge Sand's visit here under ASF auspices last summer.

America's magnificent Philadelphia Orchestra has not only enjoyed tremendous success on the main European continent, but its playing and conductor Eugene Ormandy's interpretation of the music of Sibelius proved to be a major highlight of this year's Sibelius Festival in Helsinki, Finland. Some parts of the Sibelius Festival were broadcast over the CBS radio network during mid-August. The two programs were devoted entirely to the music of Sibelius with CBS Music Supervisor James Fassett as commentator. As has been the case during the past few years when Mr. Fassett has covered the Scandinavian music festivals for CBS (originally at the suggestion of the ASF Music Center), this summer's World

Music Festival Sunday afternoon radio programs have also included highlights of the Royal Danish Festival in Copenhagen and the Bergen International Festival as broadcast from Grieg's home city. Among the important 20th-century works heard have been the *Mass* for mixed chorus and wind instruments by the young Danish composer, Bernhard Lewkovitch, and the *Symphony No. 2* ("The Four Temperaments") by Carl Nielsen. The Bergen Festival offered not only music by Grieg and the colorful *Fossegrimen Suite* of Halvorsen (this last also recently issued on a Mercury long playing record), but a new work by Norway's foremost living contemporary—the *Heroic Poem* from the pen of Harald Sæverud. An unusually interesting outcome of Mr. Fassett's World Music Festival broadcasts has been the release on a Columbia long playing record of the brilliantly conceived intermission commentary and sound-montages in which Mr. Fassett gave his impressions of the life, people, and culture of Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden. If we may inject a personal opinion at this point, we could not possibly imagine a better introduction to Scandinavia in the form of the spoken word than what is to be had on this Columbia disc with Mr. Fassett. The Danish and Finnish episodes are particular instances in point.

The University of Copenhagen will be host to American composer and Eastman School faculty member Wayne Barlow under the terms of a Fulbright award during the coming academic year. Mr. Barlow will be giving lectures there on the growth of creative music in the U.S.A. Denmark, for its part, will be contributing to the American scene the delightful personality and expert artistry of its renowned tenor, Aksel Schiøtz, who will be teaching at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn., during the coming year.

A long-delayed American concert debut was made by Sixten Eckerberg, renowned conductor of the Göteborg Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Eckerberg was featured at the Chautauqua Music Festival in an all-Sibelius program honoring the Finnish master in anticipation of his 90th birthday this coming December.

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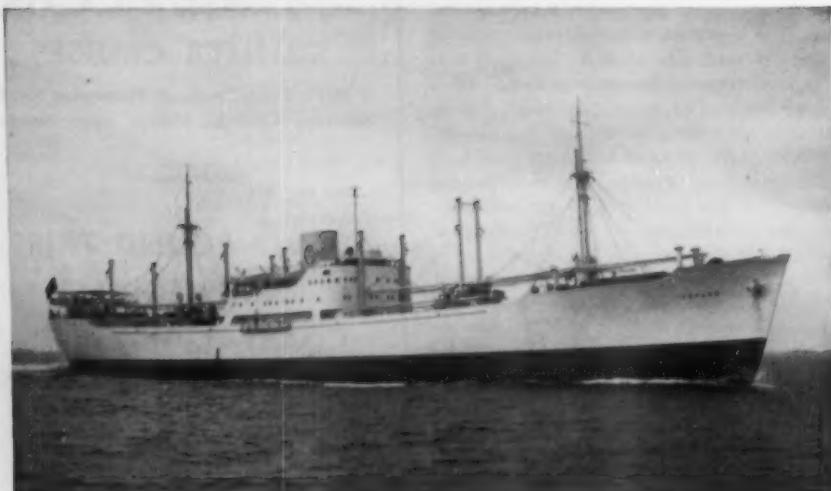


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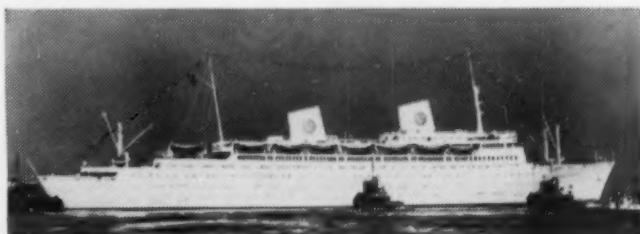
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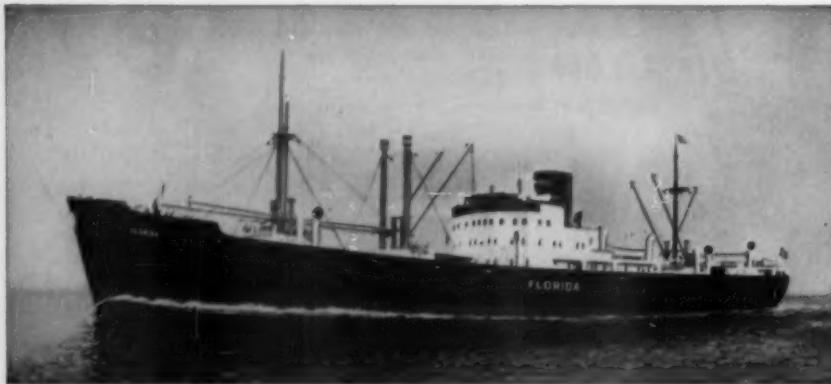
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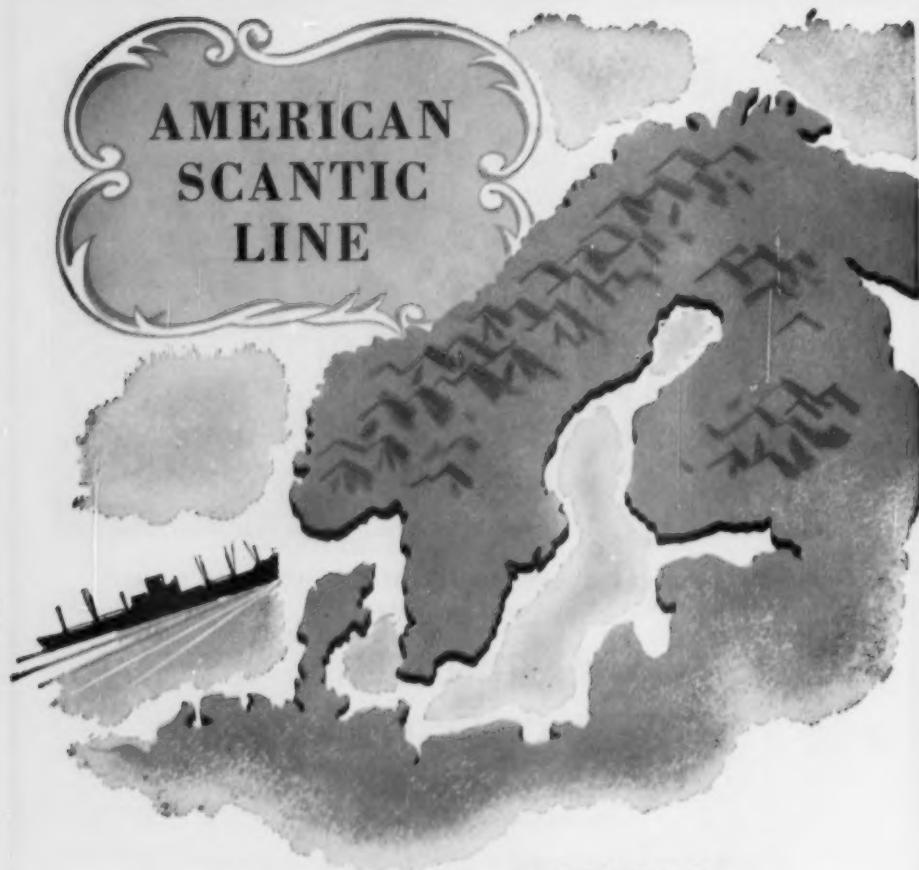
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